

10305
NATIONAL REPOSITORY,

DEVOTED TO

GENERAL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE,

CRITICISM, AND ART.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., EDITOR.

VOLUME II.

CINCINNATI:
HITCHCOCK AND WALDEN.

NEW YORK:
NELSON AND PHILLIPS.

1877.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1877.

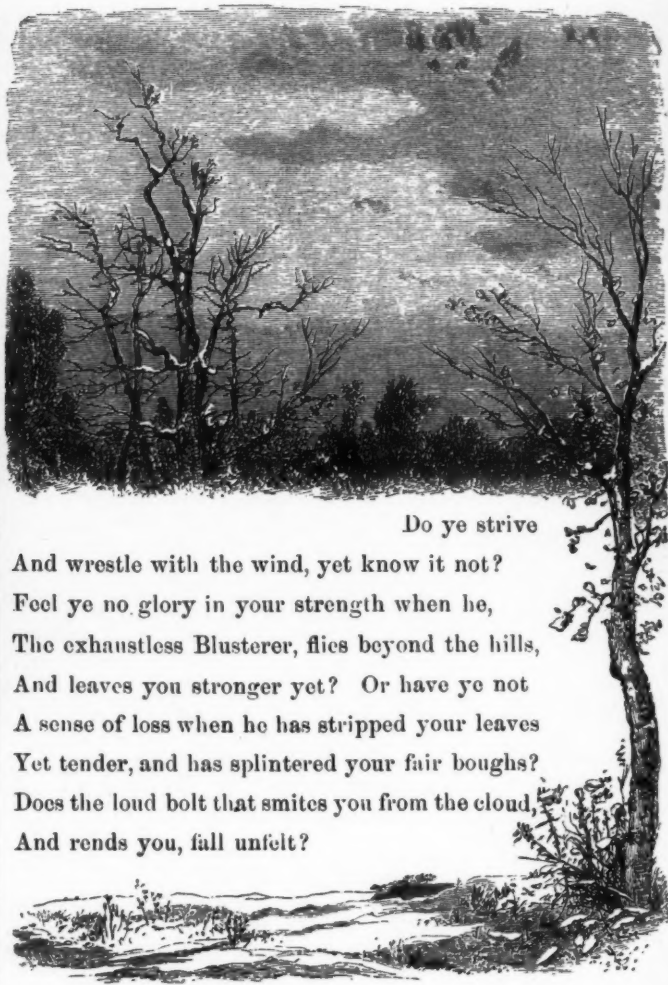
AMONG THE TREES.



O YE who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters ; ye, whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play ;
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain—
Trees of the forest and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being?



Does the air,
 The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
 In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
 All unenjoyed? When on your Winter-sleep
 The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of Spring?
 And, when the glorious Spring-time comes at last,
 Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
 And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
 To which your young leaves shiver?



Do ye strive
 And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?
 Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,
 The exhaustless Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
 And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not
 A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves
 Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?
 Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud,
 And rends you, fall unfelt?

Do there not run

Strange shudderings through your fibers when the axe
Is raised against you, and the shining blade
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,
Your summits waver, and ye fall to earth?



Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
Has swept the wood, and snapped its sturdy stems
Asunder, or has wrenched from out the soil
The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
There dwells a nature that receives delight



From all the gentle processes of life,
And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.



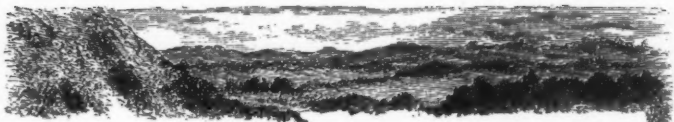
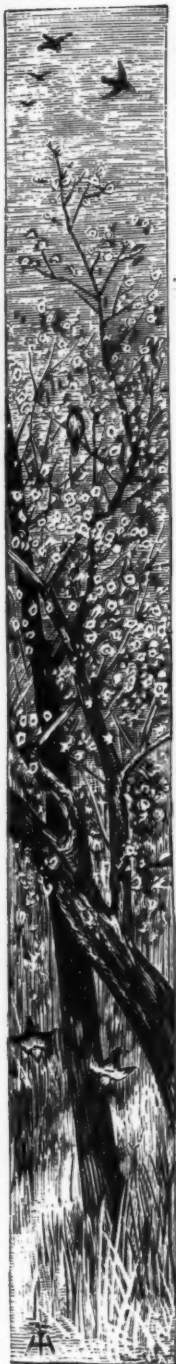
Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside
 The beds of those who languish or who die,
 And minister in sadness, while our hearts
 Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease
 And health to the beloved sufferers.
 But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope



Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.
 The funeral goes forth; a silent train
 Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts
 Are breaking as we lay away the loved,
 Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest—
 Their little cells within the burial-place.



Ye have no part in this distress, for still
 The February sunshine steeps your boughs,
 And tints the buds and swells the leaves within,
 While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
 Tells you that Spring is near.

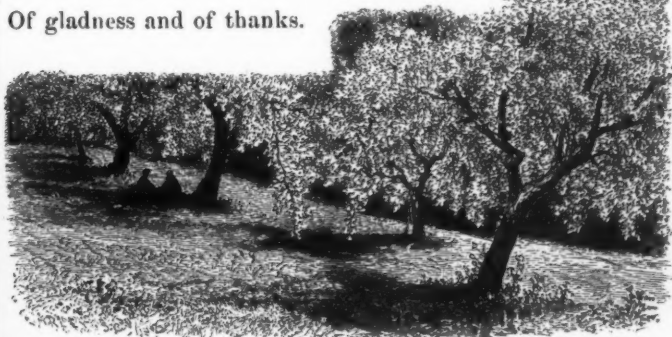


The wind of May

Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.
The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert.

When the wind

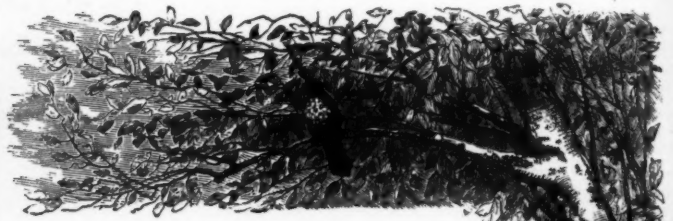
Sweeps the broad forest in its Summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks.



The hermit-thrush

Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring.
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate.
And when the Autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side,
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold.
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling

Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

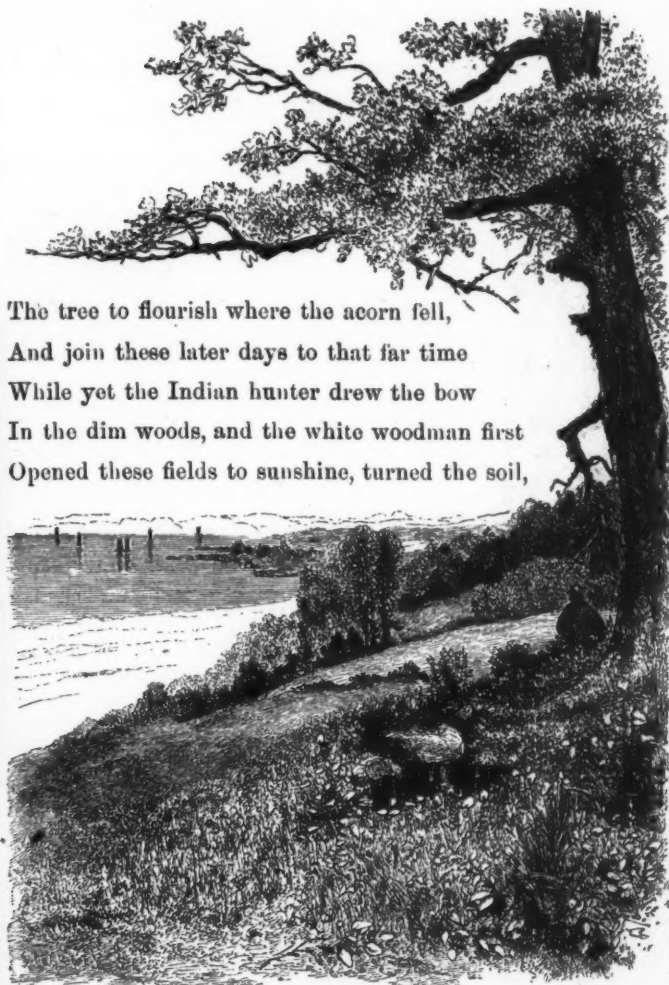


Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
The cheerfulness of Nature, till in time
The constant misery which wrings the heart
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
And glory in your beauty; till, once more,
We look with pleasure on your vanished leaves,
That gayly glance in sunshine, and can hear
Delighted the soft answer which your boughs
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history. I can not know



Who, when the hill-side trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay.
I know not who, but thank him that he left



The tree to flourish where the acorn fell,
And join these later days to that far time
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil,

And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boughs
Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
Who planted on the slope this lofty group
Of ancient pear-trees that with Spring-time burst
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
Where the quick lightning scored its trunk; yet still
It feels the breath of Spring, and every May

Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
 Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
 Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain,
 Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe



This annual festival of bees, these songs
 Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
 Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
 Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted or have spared,
 Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,
 Or in the open meadow; ye whose boughs
 With every Summer spread a wider shade,
 Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest



Beneath your noontide shelter,—who shall pluck
 Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
 Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind
 Of my smooth beeches some beloved name?



Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look
 Upon you in your later, nobler growth
 Look also on a nobler age than ours—
 An age when, in the eternal strife between
 Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
 A grander mastery; when kings no more
 Shall summon millions from the plow to learn
 The trade of slaughter, and of populous realms



Make camps of war; when in our younger land
 The hand of ruffian Violence, that now
 Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall
 Unnerved before the calm rebuke of law,
 And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink in shame
 Back to his covert, and forego his prey.



CAMERON'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.*

PART I.



GROUP OF PAGAZI, OR PORTERS.

COMMANDER CAMERON is the only European who has crossed the continent of Africa from the east to the west, as Livingstone is the only one who had crossed it from the west to the east. His route led for fully one-half of its distance through a region wholly unknown except to the natives and to the Portuguese slave-traders from the west coast; and his narrative forms the latest and unquestionably one of the two or three most important contributions to our knowledge of Central Africa.

In 1871 an expedition was organized under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of London to go in search of Livingstone. This was placed under the command of Captain Dawson of the British navy; but

before it was ready to start from Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley had discovered the great explorer in the very heart of the Continent, and had brought back word from him that he wanted no "slave expedition" sent out to join him. Dawson thereupon threw up the command, which was successively offered to, accepted, and abandoned by several others, among whom was a son of Dr. Livingstone. Cameron had fruitlessly applied for the command of the expedition at the outset. At length, late in 1872, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society resolved to use the portion of the funds which had not been already expended, to fit out another expedition, the command of which was given to Cameron, then a lieutenant in the navy. Dr. Dillon of the navy, and Lieutenant Murphy of the Indian service, joined the expedition, but both of them gave out at an early period. If this expedition should find

* ACROSS AFRICA. By Verney Lovett Cameron, C. B., D. C. L., Commander Royal Navy, Gold Medalist Royal Geographical Society, etc. With numerous illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.

Livingstone, it was to be placed entirely under his orders.

Cameron left England November 30, 1872, and returned April 2, 1876, having been absent three years and four months, of which about two years and eight months were occupied in the journey from coast to coast. The distance in a straight line is about eight-hundred miles; but measured along the line of march, and including the circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika, the actual distance traversed was about three thousand miles, almost entirely on foot. As will be seen hereafter, there were several long detentions, occupying in all more than a year.

Cameron reached Zanzibar in January, 1873. The season was an unfavorable one; the caravans from the coast had all set out, and those from the interior had not come in, so that for porters and guards he had to put up with the refuse of the bazaars of the town. At Zanzibar he was joined by young Robert Moffat, a grandson of the noble old missionary, whose daughter had become the wife of Livingstone. He had sold a sugar plantation which he owned at Natal, and had come on resolved to devote all his energies and every penny he possessed to the cause of African exploration. He showed marked capacity in organizing the expedition, but died before it was fairly under way. As a kind of chief of the *askari*, or armed guard, Cameron engaged a half-breed Arab, named Mbarak Mombé, commonly known as Bombay, who had served Burton and Speke in the same capacity many years before, and is spoken of by them with high commendation. He had subsequently accompanied Stanley, who mentions him with any thing but praise. Cameron found him still

worse. He had become indolent, presumptuous, drunken, and proved to be but indifferently honest.

It was not till May 28th that the expedition fairly started from the coast, and then only a part at a time. Traveling in all this region is slow and laborious. Food can indeed be purchased in most places on the route; but many heavy articles of supply must be taken along. The currency consists of beads, brass wire, which is largely used for ornaments, and cloths of various sorts, the principal being *méríkani*, or white sheeting,



BOMBAY AND TWO ASKARI, OR GUARDS.

made in the United States, and *kaniki*, or blue cottons from India; besides these are more costly cloths used mainly for presents to important chiefs. Human beings are almost the only available beasts of burden. The average load of a porter is thirty-five pounds, although the Arab slave-traders often compel their victims to carry three or four times as much. One of the constant annoyances in the journey is the perpetual demand made by every petty chief for *mhongo*, tribute, or, perhaps more properly, toll, for the right of way through his district; the settlement of the amount of this

is a matter of constant haggling. The claim, as Cameron acknowledges, "is not altogether unjust, and would indeed be perfectly fair if conducted on any fixed principles; for if the people did not live in the country, and keep the watering-places in repair, the paths would in many places be impassable."

Zanzibar lies in about latitude $6^{\circ} 30'$ south, the route traveled by the expedition running thence a little north of west. The sovereignty of Syd Brugharh, the Arab Sultan of Zanzibar, hardly reaches more than seventy miles from the coast, although he has a kind of supremacy much farther, and has a governor and troops at Unyanyembé, three hundred and fifty miles beyond. The route was essentially the same as that previously traversed and fully described by Burton and Stanley. For the first hundred miles it ran through an unhealthy region, scarcely above the level of the ocean. "There was much cultivation all around, pumpkins, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, etc.; but the only signs of any habitations were tiny spirals of white smoke curling up from the midst of clumps of the densest jungle. The villages are built in the midst of the jungle, for the purpose of protection against attack, being only approachable by narrow tortuous paths." But the chiefs of these secluded villages were always prompt enough in putting in an appearance and claiming *nhongo*.

The surface now began to rise rather rapidly, and in the space of another hundred miles reached an elevation of about three thousand feet, which is the general elevation of the plateau for some five hundred miles, although there are several ranges of hills which rise one thousand feet or more higher. The lofty peaks of Kilimanjaro and Kniaie are several degrees to the north. Cameron, who went with the advance party of the caravan, reached the considerable village of Rehennoko, one hundred and fifty miles from the coast, near the close of April, a month having been occupied in accomplishing this distance. Dillon, with another division, came up a few days later, and was at once prostrated by a fever, which confined him to his bed for more than a fortnight. Cameron also had poisoned his foot by walk-

ing through the noxious jungle grass, and was very lame; it was indeed several months before he got over the effects of this poisoning. Murphy, who led the last division, did not come up till the 26th of May. He and Moffat had been stricken with fever on the way, and Moffat had died. "Poor boy," says Cameron; "he had come to Zanzibar so full of hope and aspirations for the future, and had told me that the day he had received permission to join the expedition was the happiest in his life."

During this enforced detention of a month, Cameron's men struck, demanding an extravagant amount of cloth in lieu of rations. He could purchase nine days' rations for one man for two yards of cloth; they demanded two yards for five days. "I was obliged to be firm," says he, "even at the risk of losing many by desertion, for the smallest concession on my part would only have induced them to increase their demands;" and as it was, the desertions were numerous. When the last men had come up, the entire expedition was finally organized for the march. It then consisted of the three Europeans, thirty-eight *askari*, or armed guards, one hundred and ninety-two *pagazi*, or porters, and nine servants and gun-bearers,—two hundred and forty in all; besides which several of the men had their women and slaves. Two *pagazi* had already died, and thirty-eight had deserted. There were also twenty-two donkeys and three dogs belonging to the caravan. The expedition was well armed. The Europeans had each a double-barreled rifle, shot-gun, and revolvers; the *askari* had Snider rifles, and some of them revolvers; many of the *pagazi* had flint-lock muskets, the others spears or bows and arrows.

They set out from Rehennoko on May 29th. Cameron and Dillon had each a riding donkey; Murphy, being too weak to ride, was carried in a litter, which required three relays of four men each. The three hundred miles to Unyanyembé occupied a little more than two months, of which we note only a few characteristic incidents. The aspect of the region varied considerably, but taken as a whole, the country is a very favorable one. It was the dry season, but only in a

few instances is there noted any special inconvenience from want of water. Ugo-go, the first country through which they passed, is about one hundred miles square, but is divided into numerous independent chieftainships, in each of which *mhongo* is levied, and delay experienced. "The country is arid and parched during the dry season, but in the rainy which lasts from November to May, is

well-watered, and large crops of *matama*, or Kaffir corn, are raised. The cattle are fed upon the stalks of this in the dry season. Every tribe possesses a herd of cattle, which is attended to by all the grown-up males in rotation, the chiefs even taking their turn in this duty. Numerous water-courses are met with, and in their beds water may in the dry season be frequently found by digging. There are also a few small *ziwas*, or natural ponds; and where both these resources fail, the people dig pits to contain rain to last them until the next rainy season."

In the rainy season the whole country is green and verdant, and large expanses are covered with "matama, pumpkins, and tobacco." The usual dwellings of the inhabitants are the *tembes*, which consist of large, square flat-roofed huts built around an open court, inside which the cattle are penned, the apartments of the *tembé* itself being shared by men, women, children, goats, and fowls. The Wagogo, as the people are called, have been described to Cameron as a brave, warlike, and thievish race; but he found them "the veriest cowards and poltroons it is possible to conceive, although disposed to be rude and extortionate. Times had evidently changed since Burton was here, eighteen years before, for while he was



MARCHING THROUGH UGOGO.

able to buy sixty-four rations for a *doti*,* we could never get more than twenty, and rarely more than ten. Eggs were unattainable luxuries, and milk and honey were exorbitantly dear. Reckoning the *doti* at its Zanzibar value only, eggs, butter, and milk were more expensive than in England, and it was consequently necessary to exercise the most rigid economy in our mode of living."

The Wagogo are specially distinguishable from other tribes by their custom of piercing their ears and enlarging the lobes to an enormous size, so that they often hang down to the shoulder. In the holes they put pieces of wood, gourd snuff-boxes, and all sorts of miscellaneous articles which they wish to have readily at hand. The ear, indeed, serves the purpose for which a pocket is used by people who wear clothes; but their special vanity is the one common throughout all Africa,—the elaborate arrangement of their woolly hair. Some twist it into innumerable small strings, piecing them out with fibers of bark, others make the hair stand out wildly in all directions; others shave their heads in all sorts of fantastic patterns; still others cut their locks on a level with the eyebrows in front, but let them hang in strings down

* A *doti* is four yards of cloth, and is the common unit of value.

the back, each string being tipped off with bright brass balls or gayly colored beads, or wound round with fine brass or copper wire.

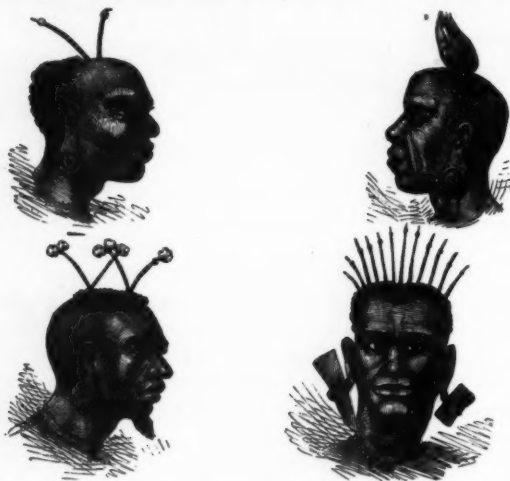
The Wadirigo are a predatory tribe inhabiting the highlands of Ugogo; they despise all clothing as effeminate, both sexes going stark naked, with the exception of a string of beads around the neck or wrist. They carry enormous wooden shields, and are armed with heavy spears for close fighting, and a number of light darts which they throw with great precision for fifty yards or more. They were often seen stalking around in the

the last of the *mhongo* paying districts. In passing through it they had paid, as tribute, goods which valued at Zanzibar prices, were worth at least five hundred dollars, and at least twice as much here.

Just beyond Ugogo is the Mgunda Mkali, or "Hot Field," which, when Burton passed that way, was the worst part of the whole route, provisions being wholly unattainable, and only a single known watering place for a hundred miles. A caravan always expected to lose a considerable number of porters in passing through the thick jungle. Within

a few years it has changed for the better. "The Wakimbu tribe, driven from their former homes, have attacked the jungle. Water has been found in many places; large spaces have been cleared and brought into cultivation; and now some of the most fertile and peaceful spots in Africa are scattered in the midst of what was formerly virgin forest, affording shelter only to wild beasts." This is almost the only instance of the kind recorded in the narrative of this expedition. Wars, or more properly raids, arising from the slave-trade more than from all other causes put together, are eating up the population of the vast plateau of Central Africa, stretching almost from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. Of this we shall have abundant evidence further on.

The expedition reached Unganyembé early in August. This is a settlement of Arabs from the coast, who have large and well-built houses, with gardens and fields in which they raise wheat, onions, and various kinds of fruits, and in peaceful times, get tea, coffee, sugar, and other luxuries from Zanzibar; but for several years they have been greatly harassed by Mirambo, a petty chief, who, having sustained some grievance from the Arabs, has waged a savage and predatory warfare in the entire region. At this time the Sultan of Zanzibar had here a military force of three thousand men, amply sufficient to have speedily crushed the marauder. But



HEADS OF THE WAGOGO.

villages of the timid Wagogo threatening that whenever they found it convenient they would come down and plunder them. This was no idle threat; for one day the expedition came across a great throng of men, women, and children hurrying along bearing their few household goods, and driving their cattle and goats before them. They had been set upon, plundered, and driven from their homes by an onslaught of the fierce Wadinigo. Another predatory tribe is the Wahumba, who possess large herds, and live mainly upon meat nearly raw, and milk mixed with blood. They hold that they alone have any right to the possession of cattle, and like the old Scottish Highlanders, have no scruples about "lifting" any upon which they can lay their hands. Ugogo is

there were so many petty cliques, each jealous of the other, that no settled plan was carried out, and there seemed no prospect of a speedy termination of hostilities. "On both sides," says Cameron, "the war was prosecuted with the most revolting barbarity and cruelty. They had no idea of fair fighting, but considered that the greatest glory was won by burning villages inhabited by unoffending people, and surprising and murdering small parties. This barbarous system was fostered by the Arabs who rewarded any man bringing in a trophy of a fallen foe by presenting him with a slave and a concubine.

Cameron and his men were most cordially received by Said ibn Salem, the Governor, who assigned to him the large and comfortable house which had been formerly occupied by Livingstone and Stanley. A considerable portion of his pagazi had been hired only for this point; and the first thing to be done was pay off and discharge these. But before a week had passed all the three Europeans were attacked by a slow intermittent fever, which rendered them partially delirious during the successive paroxysms. The pagazi who had been engaged for the whole journey took occasion to demand two months' pay in advance, to which Cameron at last so far acceded as to pay them a month, otherwise they would have deserted in a body; and as it was, some fifty or sixty of them ran away as soon as they had got their advance; and there was infinite difficulty in hiring others to supply their places. On September 20th, he writes: "It is something dreadful this waiting here. I am bothered still by lack of pagazi. If we had been well we should have been away weeks ago; but out of forty-five days I have had one fever of eight days, one of seven, one of five, one of four, and am now just getting

well of a violent headache, which lasted for five days; so I have only had sixteen days." A week after: "I have had another attack



VILLAGE OF UNYANYEMBE.

of fever. Dillon seems to have fever nearly every other day, but not very violently; what I am most afraid of is his sight. He has quite lost the use of his left eye, and has occasional symptoms in his right. If he gets quite blind further on, I do not see my way to sending him back." And so on till October 18th, when the entry is: "Since I wrote the last, I have been quite blind of both eyes, and very bad indeed with fever; so I have been helpless."

On October 20th, Cameron lay on his bed prostrate, listless, and enfeebled from frequent attacks of fever when a letter was brought in to him. It was written from a place distant a few days' journey:

We have heard [so the letter ran] in the month of August that you have started from Zanzibar for Unyenembe, and again lately we have heard of your arrival—your father died of disease in the country of Bisa, but we have the corpse with us, 10 of our soldiers are lost and some have died. Our hunger presses us to ask you some clothes to buy provisions for our soldiers, and we should have an answer that when we shall enter there shall be firing guns or not, and if you permit us to fire guns, then send some powder. We have wrote these few words in the place of Sultan or King Mbowra.

The writer JACOB WAINWRIGHT,
Dr. Livingstone Exped.

The honest Wainwright had supposed that Oswell Livingstone was the commander of the expedition, which was coming in search of his father; hence the words, "your father has died." The great explorer had breathed his last almost six months before, and his faithful followers had rudely embalmed his body, wrapped it up and corded it like a bale of goods, and borne it for more than seven hundred miles on their shoulders. Cameron sent back to them the needed supplies; and in a few days the men arrived with their precious burden, which was received with all honors by the expedition and by the Governor of Unyanyembé.

Lieutenant Murphy now resigned his position, and announced that he should return to the coast with those who were to carry thither the body of Livingstone. Cameron and Dillon resolved to go on to Ujiji, secure the papers which Livingstone had left there, and then endeavor to follow up Livingstone's explorations. But before a start could be effected, Dillon was attacked by a violent inflammation of the bowels, and was constrained to return to the coast, as the only course to save his life. Murphy now offered to go on with Cameron, who declined the offer. The two parties set out in opposite directions on the 9th of November. But in ten days Dillon had another attack of fever, and in his delirium shot himself through the head, and was buried in the jungle.

The party under Cameron numbered at starting one hundred men; but owing to desertions and new engagements, the numbers varied almost every day. The distance to Ujiji by the usual route is about two hundred miles, and should have been performed in thirty days; but owing to the disturbed condition of the country not one of his followers would stir in that direction,

and he was obliged to take a circuitous route. Here he met with innumerable delays, and was at one time forced to halt for several weeks. New-Year's day of 1874 came and went before he had accomplished forty miles. When, at length, he was enabled to proceed, the rainy season had set in, and the advance through the swampy valleys was slow and toilsome. Every-where were marks of recent devastation. "Passing through the sites of so many deserted villages," says Cameron, "was indescribably saddening. Where were now those who built them, and cultivated the surrounding fields? Driven off as slaves, massacred by villains engaged in a war in which they had no interest, or dead of starvation or disease in the jungle. A rich country, requiring only labor to render it one of the greatest producing regions of the world, is having its population, already too scanty for its needs, daily depleted by the slave-trade and internecine war. Should the present state of things continue, the country will gradually relapse into jungles and wilds, and will become more and more impenetrable."

So onward slowly, week after week. Once, at the close of January, Cameron was brought into imminent peril. His poisoned leg had now become so much worse that he was unable to walk, and his men were obliged to

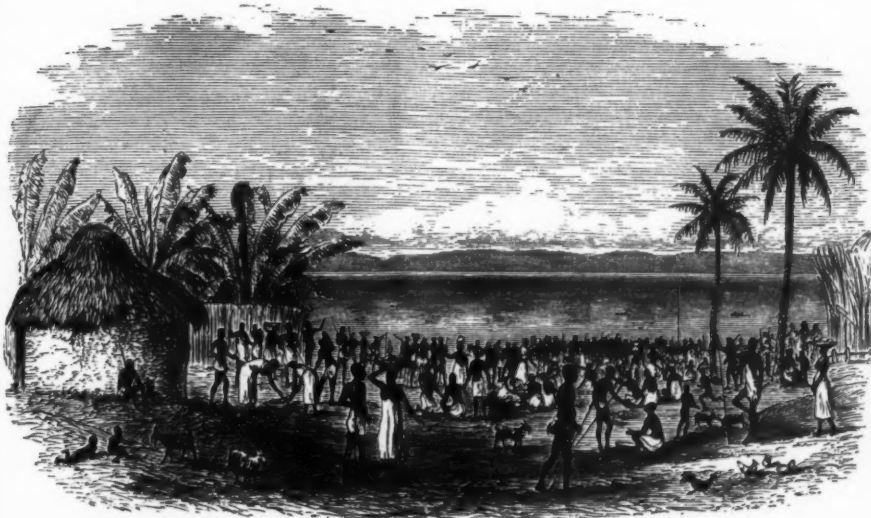


A BUFFALO CHARGE.

carry him in a chair suspended from a pole. Passing through a bit of open forest, his bearers suddenly dropped him, and the whole party made for the nearest trees. Held fast between the chair and its pole Cameron was unable to move; but looking around he saw a huge black buffalo scarcely half a dozen yards distant, charging towards him, head down and tail erect. Fortunately the vicious beast did not perceive him, otherwise his journey would most likely have now come to an end.

Still onward, and after crossing several considerable rivers, on the 18th of February

Ujiji was not far off, and in a few hours they were there, and were hospitably received by the Arab traders. They found Livingstone's papers safely deposited in the care of the principal trader. But Cameron was told that it would be impossible to continue his journey west of the lake for at least three months, until the close of the rainy season. The name of the town is properly Kawélé, Ujiji designating the country in which it is situated. This is under a *mtémé*, or chief, who resides at a village among the mountains, some distance from the lake. The inhabitants come nearer to



SOBO AT KAWELÉ.

they reached the brow of a steep descent. At its foot was a bright blue patch of water about a mile long, and beyond it a broad, gray expanse, looking like somber sky flecked with floating clouds. "The lake! the lake!" shouted his guides. "That the lake! Nonsense," said Cameron, looking scornfully at the little blue patch. "But it is the lake, master," persisted the men. And so it was. That broad, gray expanse was the great Lake Tanganyika; the seeming clouds were the mountain tops on its opposite shore, forty miles away; the little blue patch was an inlet lighted up by a passing ray of the sun. Eighteen years before, lacking five days, Burton first caught sight of it.

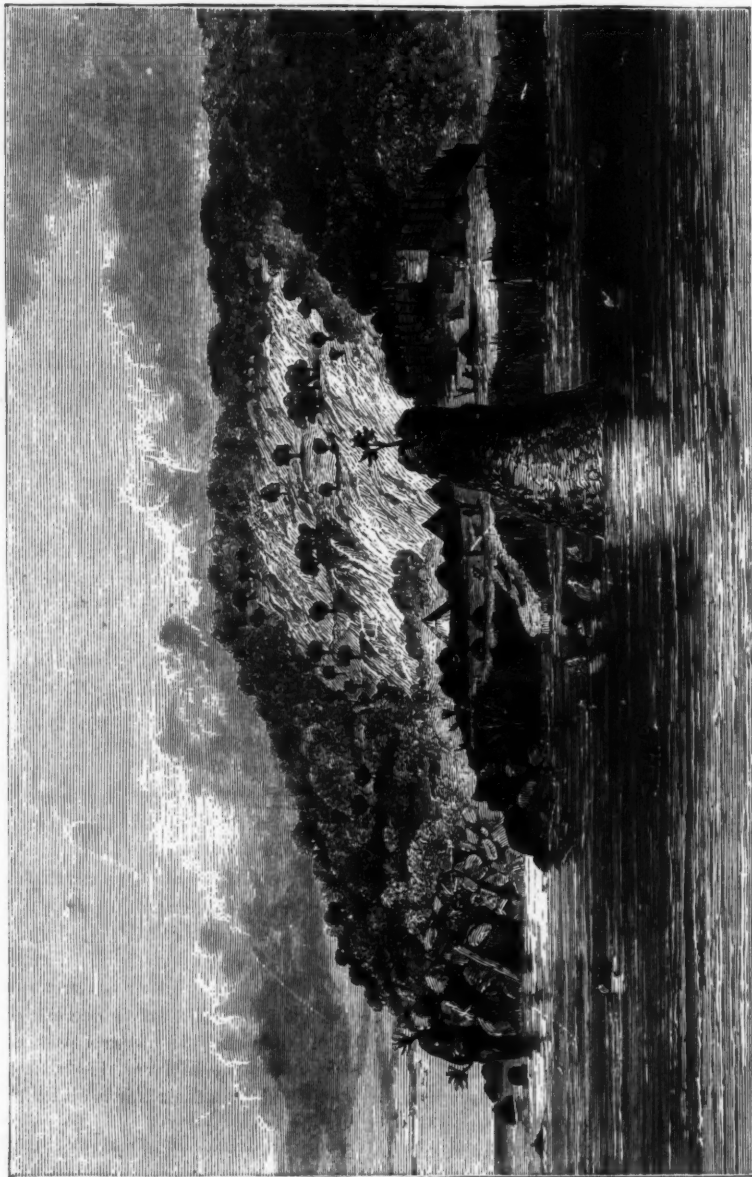
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being a clothed people than any other natives of Central Africa. Their usual dress consists of a piece of cotton or bark cloth, with two of the corners tied in a knot over one shoulder, and passing under the opposite armpit, so that it leaves one side of the body uncovered. They wear a profusion of ornaments, made of ivory, beads, or wire, and clip and dress their hair in all manner of fancy devices.

Kawélé is a busy place for Africa, it being the *entrepôt* for the ivory and slave trade of a vast region. The *sobo*, or market, held on the shore of the lake in the morning and afternoon of every day, presents a lively scene. The people of the surrounding region

bring vegetables, tobacco, salt, palm-wine, palm-oil, fish, meat, goats, poultry, bows, spears, fishing-nets, iron-work, and pottery;

Livingstone and Stanley had in 1871 sailed around the northern third of Lake Tanganyika; the greater part of the southern two-



VILLAGE OF KITATA, TANGANYIKA LAKE.

and hither come traders from a distance to dispose of their slaves and ivory in this central mart. There are a few booths, but most of the business is transacted in the open air.

thirds was entirely unknown even to the people of Kawélé. No one there knew how far southward it reached, although as we now know, from his "Last Journals," Liv-

ingstone had gone down its eastern shore, and rounded its southern extremity. Cameron resolved to improve the detention by circumnavigating this lower portion, with a special view to discover its outlet, if, as might be safely assumed, it had one. In two large canoes, with thirty-five men, including two guides hired at Kawélé, he set sail March 13, 1874, and returned to Kawélé on May 9th, sailing down along the eastern, and up along the western, shore. His people were timid navigators, and would only coast along, almost invariably drawing up at night, and encamping on the land.

Lake Tanganyika is an immense tarn, twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the ocean, and surrounded by mountains, which in some places come steeply down to the water's edge, and elsewhere recede a little, leaving a narrow beach. At the northern end the mountains reach an elevation of seven thousand feet, considerably higher than any point in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Towards the lower end of the lake they are sometimes fifteen hundred feet above the surface of the lake. There is only one apparent break in this rocky girdle, about midway in the western shore. Here the high mountains from the north end abruptly, while some fifty miles below those from the south trend away westward, leaving a broad undulating valley between the two ranges. Here, if anywhere, must be the outlet. The lake is about four hundred miles long, with an almost uniform breadth of thirty, never more than forty, and rarely less than twenty. Its area is about twelve thousand square miles, about one-half larger than that of Lake Erie. In parts, at least, it is very deep, Livingstone having sounded it to the depth of 1,965 feet. The scenery is in most places highly picturesque. "The vivid greens of various shades among the trees, the bright red sandstone cliffs, and the blue water," says Cameron, "form a combination of color seemingly gaudy in description, but which was in reality harmonious in the extreme." In many places the rocks and cliffs are broken into fantastic forms. The waters abound in fish and water-fowl, while hippopotami and crocodiles are

not infrequent. The numerous headlands are supposed to be the abode of demons. When one of these was approached the pilots would take their stand in the bow of the boat, holding a few cheap beads on the blades of their paddles, and crying, "You big man; you big devil; you big king! You take all men; you kill all men; you now let us go all right!" The beads were then dropped into the water, and the demon was supposed to be propitiated.

The eastern shore is a favorite resort of slave-hunters. Patches of corn among the jungle denoted the wretched haunts of fugitives from the slave-hunters. These poor creatures were doomed to a miserable existence, owing to the few strong villages hunting down their weaker neighbors to sell them to traders from Ujiji. Again and again were passed the sites of deserted villages; and to inquiries as to what had become of the inhabitants, the invariable answer was, "killed, slaves, or runaways." The slave-trade must be very profitable; for while at Kawélé, the usual price of a slave was twenty *doti*, a hundred miles down the lake they could be bought for from four to six *doti*. Or still better, the traders could get a slave for two goats which they could purchase at Kawélé for a *doti*. Farther down the lake, where the Arab slave-traders had not yet reached, an industrious and peaceful population were found. Their pottery, made chiefly by the women, is very fine. "The shapes," says Cameron, "are very graceful, and wonderfully truly formed, many being like the amphora in the Villa Diomed at Pompeii." He once watched a potter at her work. First she pounded the moistened clay with a pestle till the mass was homogeneous. Then, putting it on a flat stone, she gave it a blow with her fist to form a hollow in the middle, and worked it roughly into shape with her hands. With a corn-cob she smoothed out the finger-marks, and then with a gourd gave the proper curves and polish. The bottom was made and put on separately. The pot held about three gallons, and the whole process of manufacture, from pounding the clay to putting on the bottom, occupied about three-quarters of an hour.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

OFt when twilight shadows darken o'er this vale of Interlachen,
 Swift o'er snowy heights of Alp-land, swift o'er foaming deeps of sea,
 Though the white peaks gleam out starkly, though the wild waves threaten darkly,
 And I know no track o'er either,—yet my soul flies home to thee.

II.

So 'cross space that can not sever, so 'cross years that *seem* forever,
 Often when my words are silent, and my longing lips are dumb,
 Ere my heart can voice its calling, I can hear your answer falling,
 And across our secret pathway, softly I can *feel* you come.

III.

Then, once more in Summer weather, we two climb the hills together,
 And we take up where we left it all the old-time converse sweet;
 And the undertone of sadness, running through our strain of gladness,
 Only makes the heart-communion all more sacred and complete.

IV.

Shall we grieve that we are older, if we stronger are and bolder,
 For our life's incessant warfare,—braver, too, to bear our scars;—
 Not too lightly and not loudly, only silently and proudly,
 Wearing marks of age and sorrow as the midnight wears her stars?

V.

Ah, your answer cometh quickly; as I listen, gather thickly
 White and ghostly forms from cloud-land, stealing down the mountain-side,
 Gathering in stately column, marching with a measure solemn
 'Cross the Jungfrau's snowy garment, hiding swift this Alpine Bride,—

VI.

Bride, who stands in peerless whiteness, mocking e'en the calm sky's brightness,
 Mocking, while the gray cliffs round her do her homage every one,
 Mocking, while the soft mists veil her, while the winds and storms assail her,
 Never smiling or unveiling but for kisses of the sun.

VII.

O my friend, these Alpine ranges have not shared the mortal changes
 That have swept our human living since we climbed their weary heights;
 Still they stand up high and hoary, sunsets steep them still in glory,
 And the glaciers gleam and glisten in the moonbeams ghastly white.

VIII.

Softer, in the sky of even, other peaks lift up to heaven,
 Mountains which of old, beloved, we together gazed upon:
 Mount of Olives, rising clearer than all other heights, and dearer;
 Carmel and the dewy Hermon, and the cedared Lebanon.

IX.

So my soul makes glad surrender to its memory strong and tender,
 Of our days upon the mountains, of our wanderings wide and far;
 And I bend mine ears to hearken in this vale of Interlachen,
 For the echo of my longing, reaching me from where you are.

THAT BOY: WHO SHALL HAVE HIM?

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CHAPTER XVII.—MR. LAYARD, AS A "VARIETY ARTIST."

THE sharp eyes of Aunt Charity did not fail to detect the change in the relations of professor and pupil, though all her ingenious questioning failed to open up the case. Mr. Layard was as eloquent as ever in his praises of Johnny and his remarkable progress in learning. He and Goody used to hold long conversations together on this prolific topic as if they had been the boy's two grandfathers, the profound and oracular manner of Mr. Layard on such occasions amply compensating for his slight deficiency in age. As for Johnny, he was faithful to the memory of his broken-down idol, and would permit no explorations of his heart's temple in which it had been set up.

At times even the serene professor himself seemed to be troubled. His vanity had been deeply wounded by his failure "in character" in the presence of Mrs. Leighton and her son, and he suffered as much self-abasement as was possible to a mind like his. The lady had not seemed to notice his confusion, and the lad had never mentioned it. On their way home together both had kept as far away from that painful topic as possible; but the professor felt that he had lost his most ardent admirer, in whose eyes he would thenceforth be a failure,—the idea never once entering his head that it was falsehood instead of failure that had turned the boy's heart away from him,—and this was indeed a misfortune. Having never had any brothers or sisters of his own, he was really beginning to love this bright, beautiful boy better than he had ever loved any one in the world except himself. His new duties as teacher also were making a good impression upon him; even such vanity as his was not proof against the reflex influence of actual hopefulness. He loved his scholars a little because, in spite of all his hollow pretensions, he saw that he was really doing them good; and if it had not been for that unfortunate overdoing of the part of "the pious young man," that term of school

might have been the turning-point in his life.

His power of personal magnetism with which he had so often amused himself was now turned to good account. It was his boast that he was able to rule his little bunch of barbarians with his eye. He would engage with them in the most uproarious sport out of doors; but once seated at his desk in the rude school-house, he was a king on his throne. This sudden transition was an exercise "in character" which he enjoyed because of the ever new amazement with which his scholars regarded it. Once, indeed, a boy had tried to be familiar with him in school hours on the strength of a wild frolic together on the play-ground, but once was quite enough. The half-severe, half-contemptuous look of the man of learning brought the blushes all over his dirty face, and when, in order to make this victory more complete and final, Professor Layard assumed a pose worthy of a Roman senator, and began to lecture the fellow severely in choice Latin from one of the orations of Cicero against Catiline, the young offender against his scholastic dignity was so overwhelmed with confusion that from that day, indoors or out, he never ventured to take the slightest liberty with one who could on occasion be so great a man.

For the remainder of the term of the Lake Bluff Academy our young scholar applied himself more closely than ever to his books, partly from increasing interest in them, and partly to keep from mourning over the eclipse of the star that had so suddenly shone forth and disappeared. As for his teacher, his one failure in the midst of all his successes weighed so heavily on him that, being ill at ease in the presence of the good people at the farm, instead of spending his evenings as the center of their little admiration society in Aunt Charity's cheerful kitchen, he fell into the habit of taking long walks

at night, from which he would seldom return till after the entire household were in bed.

To account for this change in his habits he explained that there was a brother school-master at some distance who desired his confidential aid in some of the branches of higher mathematics; also a neighboring clergyman to whom he was giving private lessons in elocution, neither of whom desired the fact of their receiving such instructions to be made public, therefore he would respect their confidence though pitying their weakness, and withhold their names and addresses.

The real state of the case was that Mr. Layard had made the acquaintance of a set of law-breakers and "sports," into whose confidence he had come by a characteristic adventure, and at whose rendezvous, in a low drinking house, at a small hamlet about three miles from the Bluff, called Dolkins's Corners, he spent a good deal of his leisure time.

Among the other advanced views of this liberal and progressive young man was the notion that in order to be a perfect gentleman a fellow ought to be able to carry a large amount of strong liquor in his stomach without feeling the effects of it in his head. How or why such an accomplishment adds to one's high respectability he had not stopped to inquire, but he had trained himself therein till he was as perfect a gentleman in this particular as was possible for a person of his tender age. At several convivial meetings of his secret society in the Grand Trunk University he had achieved the distinction so highly praised by that liberal-minded poet, Bobby Burns:

"Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us a';"

while, at the grocery, or more properly grogery, at Dolkins's Corners, he had reached the highest honors at a single bound.

One Saturday afternoon the professor had been taking a longer walk than usual in search of health and, pleasure, and having heard of the little cross-roads settlement named after its chief citizen, Dolkins, he resolved to honor the place with a call. For the fun of the thing he assumed the "character" of a mild and timid young man just

out from the tenderest tutelage of his fond mamma, and looking at the world and its possible snares and dangers much as a young rabbit might take his first look at a dog. Such a callow youth at once caught the eyes of a trio of loafers who were drinking and playing cards in Dolkins's back-room, and they resolved to victimize him; for business if he had any valuables about him; for sport if he had not.

At first our friend declined all approaches toward an acquaintance, saying he had merely called to warm himself, and hoped they would not regard it as an intrusion.

Being pressed to take a seat in the back-room, he consented on condition that his presence should not interrupt any business that might be going forward.

"We were playing euchre. Would you like to take a hand?"

"Yooker? What is that?"

With a wink at his companions, a big fellow, evidently the leading rogue of the party, proceeded to explain the game, and added that people who were lucky sometimes made a good deal of money by it.

"Is not that what is called gambling?" blandly inquired the young man. "Because my parents used to tell me that gambling was wicked; and being now an orphan, and having no one to guide me, I always try to remember their good advice."

However, after long hesitation, he consented to take a hand, just for amusement and to make up the proper number of players, in which his partner gave him such careful instructions that he actually won the game, upon which the simple-minded youth remarked:

"Why, really, that is a pleasant diversion. I do not see why any one should object to playing with cards."

Then one of the rogues proposed the health of their new acquaintance, and a game of seven up, to see who should pay for the drinks.

To this the young man seriously objected. "He was a strict teetotaler," he said. "No alcoholic beverage had ever passed his lips."

"You can drink 'Plantation Bitters,' then."

"I thought 'Bitters' were always prepared by physicians for people who were sick," replied our innocent friend.

"You are right, young man. Bitters is a medicine, but the people of this country have to take so much of it to keep off chills and fever that a benevolent old gentleman down East, who signs his name so oddly, Mr. St. 1860 X., has tried to make it easy to take; and it is pretty easy to take, besides being an A No. one medicine to keep off the chills."

"A sort of tonic, I suppose," said Mr. Layard.

"Tonic is the word, young fellow. We will take whisky, and you shall take tonic."

This game was also explained to the stranger, who, at its close, sipped a spoonful or so of "Bitters," while the other three drank "a stiff horn"—if that may be called stiff which makes people's tongues and legs so limber—of Dolkins's best whisky.

Then more diversion and more tonic; and after a while, "just to see if there was any luck in him," one of the sports proposed to furnish the stakes for their young friend to play with. Again he was allowed to win, and half the money was handed over to him as his "commissions" on the game. The commission business in this form proved so attractive to the young orphan, and the tonic was palatable, and so healthful withal, that he suffered himself to break over his scruples, stopping frequently to ask if they did not think he was really going too far; and if the bitters were really harmless. Thus the afternoon and evening passed glibly, and it was nearly midnight before the sports had really got down to business with their intended victim, by which time they were all rather more than half drunk, while his head was perfectly clear.

Having them now at a sufficient advantage, Mr. Layard changed his "character," becoming intensely excited by the Bitters, and consumed by the gambling mania; and staking his "commissions" on the game; which he began to play with astonishing skill for one so lately initiated into its mysteries. He even assumed the place of master of the revel; calling for healths and bum-

pers at every game, and so wonderful a run of "luck" did he strike, that he had actually won more than his three months wages as professor, rolled one of the players drunk under the table, and laid out another to sleep on a bench, before the leader of the gang fully awoke to a sense of the situation.

"See here, young chap," said he, "you're too innocent by half; too innocent to be honest. We've spent more'n fifty dollars on you, besides the drinks; 'n hic, it's my opinion that's more'n you'll ever be worth to us. Dolkins, lock the door. This young feller do n't go out of this till he hands over the money and pays for the liquor."

The door between the two rooms being open, Mr. Layard could see that he was now alone with his enemies, or what was left of them; all the rest of the hangers-on having gone to their haunts or homes. Now was likely to be a time for the exercise of another of the varied accomplishments of this brilliant and talented young man.

Whatever other shortcomings might be laid to his charge as a member of the Grand Trunk University, there was one department of scholarship in which he had distinguished himself, namely, that of Professor Hittem; whose pet and pride he had been, easily distancing the whole college in feats of strength and motion. In the "manly art," as our English cousins call it, he was particularly excellent.

Now there is something worth noticing in that title. The man who carries his chief defense in his pocket is apt to be a coward; though on the strength of this supposed advantage over a possible adversary, he may be something of a bully; but the man who carries his defense distributed all through him in supple joints, steady nerves, and well-trained muscles; whose eye is as quick as light, whose motions are as free as a swallow in the air, or a shiner in the river, and who knows to a nicety how to handle himself to the best possible advantage, needs no such crude implements as knives and pistols for his protection. More than this, a sense of ample personal power makes any decent man good natured. With that most perfect of all machines, a human body

instantly and thoroughly at his command, he is apt to carry a civil tongue in his head. He enjoys the perfection of that machinery too much to waste it by foolish uses; while the man who has so little faith in himself that he habitually trusts to a piece of wood or iron for safety in places where honest business or rightful pleasure lead him, is very likely, in time of real danger, to prove both a coward and a fool. There are statute laws against carrying concealed weapons; and natural laws in favor of carrying those of a better sort; and if some enthusiast who is sighing for a new career as a reformer will only change the fashion amongst the men of the world so that instead of wearing bits of steel in their coats and trousers they shall carry well-oiled joints and well-trained muscles, he will prove a benefactor to his race. A weak man is apt to be nervous and irritable, while the man who can lift half a ton, or drop his clinched hand so heavily that it will weigh eight or nine hundred pounds, is as cool and calm as a spring morning.

The above is a gratuitous notice, though not less well deserved of the department of Professor Hittm at the Grand Trunk University.

As I was saying, Mr. Layard now stood in need of all his muscular accomplishments. The big fellow, Pike they called him, was not very far gone in liquor; Dolkins was a fresh re-enforcement; and either of the two sleeping partners of the concern might wake up at any stage of the proceedings and manifest an active interest in the business. There was also a stout but stolid young Dutchman in the outer room, Dolkins's man of all work, who, if he could be made to comprehend the situation, would, no doubt, rush to the aid of his master.

In Mr. Layard's judgment the most important factor in this problem was time. "Divide and conquer," he said to himself; "that was the way Napoleon used to do it;" so, before Dolkins could obey the order to lock the outer door, a bottle nearly full of whisky struck him full in the breast with such force as to topple him over and confuse his ideas for an instant, upon which the slow-going man-of-all-work made the natural

but fatal mistake of attending to the wounded on his own side instead of rushing on the enemy. A vigorous push at the table on which they had been playing carried it past and over his big adversary, who was not prepared for such a sudden turn in affairs; and before he could get out from under it, Mr. Layard had leaped over it, given Pike a stunning blow with his fist, on the sound military principle of retarding one detachment of the allied enemy while he engaged another. The Dutchman, finding his master not severely hurt, drew an ugly-looking knife and slowly advanced upon the Professor, who, quick as a flash, retreated to the wall, caught up the lightest of the two drunken sleepers, intending to use him as a shield if actually brought to bay; at which movement the Dutchman was so surprised that he lowered the point of his knife and stopped an instant to think what to do next; the next thing he knew he was lying on the floor under the drunken body. Layard had actually thrown a man at him!

Now for Dolkins, who had seized a heavy iron poker. It was a foul blow to be sure; just a little below where the belt would have been—it doubled up that groggery-keeper like a half-shut jackknife—and it was planted so suddenly that his poker had done him no service at all. Finding himself single-handed, the Dutchman now begged for quarter, which Mr. Layard readily granted, and then went to look after his friend Pike, whom he had left under the table. He was not so badly hurt but that he sat up on the floor and drank a glass of Dolkins's whisky, which seemed to revive him greatly.

As for Dolkins himself, he was the worst scared, as well as worst wounded man of the crowd; but he also revived under the kind offices of the good-natured victor. And now, as the two other members of the party showed signs of waking up, Mr. Layard bade the company a cheery good night.

His first class in "the higher mathematics" had recited, and were dismissed; the neighboring clergyman to whom he was giving private instruction in "elocution" had gone through the evening's lesson well, and was pronounced perfect.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE "VARIETY."

ON his way home from the corners, Mr. Alexander Layard held the following little argument with himself:

"Now Professor, are you not ashamed of yourself? You, a man of learning, an instructor of youth, have actually been engaged in a fight in a low gambling den!

"Well, what of it? We have only been making history on a small scale. Suppose we had been armies or nations instead of individuals, the thing would be worthy of a place in the annals of mankind. Let Professor Layard represent a nation supposed to be weak: Pike and Dolkins are two strong powers who desire to partition him amongst themselves. The weaker nation is somewhat skilled in diplomacy, and gets the better of the hostile allies, and, for a time, obstructs their plans in carrying out their 'mission' and fulfilling their 'destiny.'

"Pike and Dolkins next form an alliance, offensive and defensive, and declare war against Layard; who, in the true Napoleonic style, having no allies, makes an ally of Time. By several quick and brilliant strategic movements he strikes the allies in detail before they have time to mass their forces, and cripples them *seriatim*. The enemy's re-enforcements—that's the Dutchman—come up too late to be of any use; his reserves—that's the two fellows who were drunk—do n't come up at all.

"Result, splendid victory for Prince Layard! Vanquished enemy treated with all the humanities known to civilized warfare. His majesty Pike and the sublime Dolkins are left to bear the expense and loss of an unsuccessful war. All the friendly and neutral newspapers describe the campaign as opening up a brilliant military and political career for Prince Layard. That is history. Hurrah for me!"

By the time he reached the Goodsmith mansion our young Napoleon had fully recovered his self-respect. He hailed the house loudly as one who came with honors; and observing the look of surprise on the face of Goody Zach, as he cautiously opened

the door and stood shivering in the simplest costume, with a candle in his hand, Mr. Layard explained that he had taken a very long excursion, and on his way had fallen in with a man who had been hurt in a mill. Being somewhat of a surgeon, he had devoted his irregular but not inefficient talents to his case. The precise kind and location of the "mill" he did not stop to explain, but went to bed with the air of a hero. And why not? Of course the respectability of a fight does not depend upon its size.

The following day, as the Professor had learned, a new church was to be dedicated at the Corners, and he resolved to honor the occasion with his presence; the more because Pike had told him what a stingy old miser Dolkins was, and how hard he tried to keep up the style of a gentleman in the community at the smallest possible cost.

After the religion of the occasion had been partly attended to, the finances were brought forward by a brother from abroad, who had a reputation for squeezing a congregation dryer than any other man in his denomination. By urging, scolding, teasing, and rallying he had apparently reached the last possible point of progress towards freedom from debt, and still there remained about a hundred dollars, a large sum in the eyes of that people, unprovided for. At this point, when a very funny joke on the part of the reverend dedicator had failed to bring out any thing more substantial than a laugh, and it appeared that instead of being consecrated to the worship of Almighty God the new meeting-house was in danger of being held in the grip of the almighty dollar, in the form of a mechanic's lien, which had been bought on speculation by Dolkins, and mostly paid for in liquor, the congregation was electrified by the following brief speech from a tall, handsome young man, whom no one in the congregation except Dolkins had ever seen before:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a stranger among you, though you may have heard of me. I am called Professor Layard, of the Lake Bluff Academy. This religious soci-

ety is one of the means of promoting our common civilization, and therefore I in common with all good citizens of this great Republic, desire to see it prosper. I know your worthy pastor here by reputation; and although I do not agree with him in theology, I recognize him as a faithful worker in another department of the great cause of education, in which I myself am engaged. It gives me pleasure also to see here present on this important occasion a well-known capitalist and merchant. Of course you all know that I refer to J. Dolkins, Esq. Now the career of this hopeful young society ought not to be hindered by a debt upon its elegant and tasteful house of worship; therefore I propose to your fellow-citizen whose name I have taken the liberty to mention, and whose modesty I trust will not be offended, to divide this last hundred dollars with him. I will give fifty dollars on condition that J. Dolkins, Esq., will give the other fifty, and we will thus close out the debt, and set this infant society fairly on its feet. Shall we do it, 'Squire Dolkins?"

With two hundred and fifty pairs of eyes staring at him, the keeper of the Corners grocery, whose avarice and vanity were household words among all his neighbors, was in a very embarrassing position. He had attended the dedication for the same reason that he attended all large public gatherings, for the sake of the respectability of it, determined, however, that it should not cost him a cent. But his tormentor stepped forward to the pulpit, took out ten bright five-dollar notes and held them up before the eyes of the excited crowd, the most of whom had never in all their lives seen so much money at once.

The suspense was awful. The fire had gone out long ago, but the wretched man began to perspire and grow very red in the face. Then he muttered something about seeing Mr. Layard privately about it.

"No, no, my friend," said Mr. Layard; "you may venture, just this once, to let your right hand know that your left hand has done a good deed," at which there was a suppressed titter all over the house at the thought of how much the aforesaid right

hand would be surprised. At last when the poor victim could stand it no longer, he gasped out:

"If the minister will take it in groceries, I'll do it."

"Done!" shouted the pastor, who had felt himself in eclipse behind the great dedicatory, and was glad of a chance to distinguish himself.

Mr. Layard then deposited his bunch of money upon the communion-table with the air of a man laying up treasure in heaven; the people looked their thanks and admiration, and the distinguished dedicatory, having now won another trophy to add to his already long list of Church debts paid, struck up the Doxology, which was given with twofold significance; in form an act of divine worship, but in fact a vote of thanks to Messrs Layard and Dolkins for their astonishing liberality. The climax of the day having now been passed, a number of the audience left, thinking of the various chores which awaited them at home. Such of the congregation as remained to the end witnessed the actual dedication, which bore so small a proportion to the rest of the performance that Mr. Layard suggested to his friend Dolkins, whom he greeted most affectionately, that this sort of thing which they call a "dedication" ought to be called "squeezing the shorts."

There were curses loud and deep at Dolkins's grocery that night; for this capitalist and merchant, though he kept his establishment closed one day in seven, was not so particular about the nights; in fact, on Sunday night was the chief carousal of the week. Every one of his companions of the previous session was anxious for vengeance on Mr. Alexander Layard. The two men whom he had drunk to sleep proposed to give him a pounding; but Pike, who had felt the weight of that young gentleman's fist, advised them to "let that job out." Dolkins was furious over the fifty-dollar subscription extorted from him, the more so as the "groceries" were not likely to mean whisky. He had not lived long enough in a religious community to learn that all is fair in love, war, and church dedications.

At last, after a long silence on his part, Pike broke out:

"I have it. The thing to do is to get him to play on our side. There's lots of sport in him as well as grit. A young chap don't get to be such an old soldier at whisky drinking and such a trump hand with the pasteboards just by going to Sunday-school. He belongs with us by rights, if he has been to college; and I vote for adopting him."

This was finally agreed to, and it was not many nights before Mr. Layard became the prime favorite with the sporting fraternity of that wild region, whose headquarters appeared to be in the back-room of Dolkins's grocery. Here he brought his various talents into play, leading and enlivening the nightly revels with songs, character sketches, tricks at cards, gymnastic wonders, and, at length, a fiddle having been procured for him, he reached the zenith of his glory by dancing to his own music; actually keeping step to his own jigs, hornpipes, and breakdowns in a manner utterly amazing to the crowd of sports and loafers, which presently increased so much that Esquire Dolkins was able to reimburse himself by extra sales of drinks for the cost of the groceries he had been tricked out of at the dedication; thereby it may be presumed saving the recording angel, who keeps that class of reckonings, from his embarrassment as to the proper way to post up such an account.

But lest the poor pastor should be cheated by short weights, poor qualities, or high prices, Mr. Layard insisted that the groceries should be paid in his presence, and for once that little parsonage rejoiced in a profusion of the good things of this life.

When these ample stores were brought home, the good pastor invited his young friend to come over and take tea with him. Here again Mr. Layard shone conspicuous, entertaining his host with such learned discourse concerning that good man's favorite characters in the history of the Church that before he took his leave a promise had been extorted from him to favor the people of the Corners with a lecture in their new church on "The Lives and Writings of the Fathers."

This lecture was duly given in Mr. La-

yard's most impressive style. The new church was crowded, the audience was sympathetic and responsive; as for the pastor, he was in a strait betwixt delight and astonishment,—delight at the sonorous and eloquent oration, and astonishment that so many striking facts in the lives of his favorite characters in history had escaped his observation. These hitherto unpublished facts and incidents, as Mr. Layard afterward explained, had been discovered by himself in his careful researches among a mass of old and rare manuscripts in the library of the Grand Trunk University.

But there were still greater labors and honors in store for the Professor in connection with the little Church to which he had devoted so large a share of his "commissions." His rich voice attracted the notice of a good old father in Israel, who since the memory of the oldest settler at the corners had acted as precentor in all services of public worship; and who was beginning to tire of the task; in which sentiment, to say the truth, every body agreed with him. As the result of his persuasions, on the following Sunday, Professor Layard, having borrowed the Dolkins fiddle, assumed the position of chorister, aided by several young ladies of the Corners, Dolkins's Dutchman, and his new friend Pike, whose powerful bass added to the Professor's ringing tenor, and the fresh, sweet soprano of the girls really made delightful music, and served as a pleasing substitute for the worship of God. Most of the solos the Professor would sing, accompanying himself on the fiddle with charming bits of harmony, his tremulous and tender tones, both of voice and viol, actually bringing tears to the eyes of those simple people, who mistook these musical effects for pious emotions. Next to the doctrinal sermons of their old pastor, nothing in the means of grace had ever seemed quite so edifying to them as the music of Professor Layard.

The transient portion of the congregation, which, since, the advent of the new chorister had so notably increased that the soft-hearted old minister began to hope for a revival among his flock, were also Mr. Layard's profound admirers. Quite a number of the

Dolkins crowd used to come to Church just to hear the music.

During one of his most brilliant solos, Pike whispered to Dolkins's Dutchman, who was his next neighbor in the singers' seats:

"What a 'variety artist' Layard would make!"

"Yah, das is so; und ven I hears dot young feller blayin dot fiddle so nice in Church, I all de time dinks about dot leedle row we had mit him in de grocery."

Then pointing his finger at Dolkins, who was occasionally found amongst this worshipping congregation, the Dutchman suddenly doubled himself up and put on a comical look of agony, which proved so suggestive to the leader of the bass that he could hardly straighten his countenance in time to come in on the chorus with the words,

"Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever."

During the rest of the term of the Lake Bluff Academy, Professor Layard conducted this department of divine worship in the little new church at the Corners, but his term closed none too soon to allow him to carry off his heavy weight and variety of honors. His examination-day was the wonder of the whole settlement, on which occasion he paid such respect to the Honorable Board of Directors as might have made them feel like a second edition of the famous old *Triumvirs of Rome*. Then there was an exhibition in the evening, at which Mr. Layard and Master Leighton both outdid themselves; and at the close the three directors were called forward to make speeches, which they did, all of them praising the school and the teacher to the highest degree, and all receiving a hearty round of applause. But the Professor had hardly left the Bluff with his wages—and other moneys, in his pocket—before the gossips caught scent of his nightly revels with the gang of roughs in Dolkins's back room; and of sundry other doings which appeared singular in a young man who led a choir in Church. Doubts were even expressed whether the money he had given at the dedication were not home-made; but as it had been paid to Dolkins on account of his claim against the Church, and

he had not ventured to refuse it, it had served one good purpose at least.

Professor Layard had done another substantial good work during that eventful Winter, that is, he had started John Mark Leighton on the road to learning, by showing him a glimpse of the powers as well as the delights of scholarship. He had roused an ambition in the lad such as no dull, plodding pedagogue could have called forth, and thereby helped to enlarge the scale on which he was to build his life. As far as he knew Layard had told his pupil the truth about his studies, and about the world of letters to which they would some day admit him; Johnny was thus prepared, after the school was over, to go on with his work, though neither Lakeside nor the Bluff ever furnished him another such teacher as Professor Layard.

On his seventeenth birthday John announced to the little family party which Aunt Charity had made in honor of the occasion, that he would be prepared to enter college at the ensuing fall term, an announcement which made Goody Zach's face shine all over with grandfatherly pride.

"All right, my boy. I knowed you'd come to something handsome. You just stick right to that Latin, and the other stuff, and Aunt Charity and me will stand by and pay the bills. You'll want to go to the Grand Trunk, I s'pose."

"To be sure," broke in Aunt Charity; "and the full course, too. I do n't have no faith in them short cuts. This world has been a studyin' and a learnin' for nigh on to six thousand years, and it looks mighty foolish for a boy to think he can master it all in less than four. You take all you can git: that's my advice. I've seen a good many of them batches they take out of the Grand Trunk oven on Commencement days, and I have n't seen any of 'em yit that looked as if they had been baked too long."

CHAPTER XIX.

WILL AND WON'T.

ALL this while Mrs. Leighton had watched and waited with an anxious heart. She lived and labored now only for her son, who

on his part was as loving and loyal as ever a son could be. The widow had turned to good account her skill in the work to which her poverty had driven her in her Eastern home, adding thereto such other branches of the trade as she could teach to her son, who eagerly applied himself to his new task: thus these two brave hearts and these two pairs of willing hands wrought out for themselves all the comforts and some of the luxuries of life; besides the tenth part of all their substance, of which, like Jacob of old, the widow kept careful account, and religiously devoted it to works of charity.

Johnny was brought up under her eye. She knew where he was and in what company every hour of day or night. She was given to hospitality, and as often as possible entertained ministers and other cultivated men and women, rightly appreciating the good effects of such society; but when some man who claimed to be called to minister in holy things failed in the ordinary courtesies of life, she was greatly troubled for its effect upon her son. There was in particular the Reverend Mr. Slopham, one of those superfluous mortals whose license as a preacher had only spoiled him for earning his living in any honest way, who about once a quarter used to put in his seedy appearance at Mrs. Leighton's house; sometimes as an agent of the Bible Society, sometimes as tract distributor; sometimes as solicitor for an impecunious or impossible college under the auspices of some education society, or as a beggar for a "struggling Church" in a new settlement where there were, among a population of sixty or seventy families, three or four other strugglers of the same sort, only under different denominational names. This man Mrs. Leighton at length requested not to come any more, as his ungentelemanly manners were giving her son a low opinion of the holy office.

"Do you wish me to shake the dust off my feet as a testimony against you?" asked that much surprised individual.

"It would be a great improvement to your appearance," said the widow.

As the years went by, and the lad grew tall and handsome and manly, her motherly

pride exulted over him, while her sense of his duty and his danger made her more and more afraid of him; or, perhaps it was a sense of her own duty which made her afraid; very harmless people do often become a terror to those who owe them some godly office which they find it a cross to perform. John was at once the light of her eyes and the sorrow of her heart. So far as she knew he had not fallen into any fatal errors of doctrine, but he was drifting further and further away from the life which had been marked out for him by the powers above. And the memory of her own struggles against the will of God, and the sorrow it had brought to her, filled her with sad forebodings for him. For her sake he had attended her to the little church regularly every Sabbath. Two sermons had been preached at him every week; good enough in their way, but often so much more suggestive of human laziness than of divine unction, that he, for the most part, despised if he did not forget them. It must be confessed that the men who were sent to the Lakeside circuit after Elder Hooper's term were not on very intimate terms with books, not even with the Bible; and that they too often tried to supply the lack of thought and research in their sermons by something to which John gave the name of "minister talk;" and which produced much the same effect on him as a cold, drizzling rain.

His loss of faith in his former friend, Mr. Layard, had partly dispelled his boyish dream of becoming "like myself, a civil engineer;" he had simply been pushing on, content with the brightening and widening views of the world of learning which were all the time opening before him. In their charming little home there were more books, both for substance and number, than in any other house in the town, and mother and son kept pace with the great world by means of the weekly and monthly literature of her Church, not always very fresh or brilliant in those days, but always decent and safe. That blind faith in the future, so strong in youth, was especially strong in him. Without any very definite aim he was fully determined to be *something*, and a good deal of it, too.

Ever since that notable visit of Goody Zach and Aunt Charity Mrs. Leighton had been expecting a question from her son which the longer it was delayed the more she feared to answer. John had been admitted at Commencement examinations as a Freshman in the Grand Trunk University; but with all this greatness and glory in sight, a cloud seemed to settle down upon him. His usual gayety and independence gave place to silence and suffering, and sometimes his mother thought she detected a look in his face which told of a struggle going on within, like her own former conflicts with the powers of the world to come. At length, when he had become absolutely desperate, he opened his mind to his mother in the long looked for words:

"Mother, what did you mean when you told Goody Zach and Aunt Charity that they could not have me because I was already given away?"

The question had come. Now with fame and fortune in full sight, and his heart utterly turned away from the things of God, he must make the awful choice of abandoning the world and laying himself a sacrifice on the altar of Christ, or become, as she had been a wretched, hopeless rebel against the will of heaven. Why had he not asked this question before? Why had she not been strong enough to tell him? That wild look in his eyes burned her; she felt that she had sinned against him by her long silence, but now she must speak.

"Let us go to *him*," said the mother, rising and leading the way to the room where hung the portrait of the man who was the husband, the father, and the good angel of that little household. "He will want to hear how his wife tells her sad story, and how his son decides about his duty."

They seated themselves where *he* could see them, and the widow began:

"Your father was a rich man's darling son, and I was an orphan, taken out of an asylum, and brought up as a servant—almost as a slave. When John Mark Leighton came home from college, the idol of his family and the pride of the whole town, by some strange miracle he fell in love with me.

"So we were married for love. Our home

was my heaven, and he was my god. He was like you, John, so brave and gentle. It seemed to me he must have been an angel before he came to be a man. They used to torment me so with their theology that there was no other God left in the universe for me to worship but my husband. Once he tried to reprove me for it.

"Who made the world?" he asked.

"John Mark Leighton makes my world!" I answered.

"But who redeemed the world?"

"John Mark Leighton redeemed *me*."

"That seemed to frighten him, so he asked:

"Where do you expect to go when you die?"

"To you."

"But I may not die first."

"Then it won't signify where I go; there'll be nothing to do but wait till you come."

"He gave up talking religion to me when he found I had no other religion but to love my husband and be a good wife to him.

"When your sister was born my heart was a little softer towards the Great Being they used to tell me about at Church. But when the little darling died, and that old minister came to its funeral, and preached that it was the duty of parents to give up their children to God, not only for death but for eternal torments if they were not elected to salvation, I rebelled again.

"On the night after the funeral, when I was wild with grief at the loss of my first-born, and in a rage at God for taking her away from me, John told me of a secret sense of duty that had haunted him for years, no word of which he had ever breathed till then. He said he felt that he was called to the ministry of the Gospel, and he knew he should never be at peace in his mind till he obeyed the call.

"That was too much. I raved like a mad woman. 'What! God kills our darling Gracie, and you straightway go to telling people how great and wise and good he is?' Then, over that empty cradle, I lifted my hand to heaven and vowed that on the day my husband became God's minister I would die, if it had to be by my own hand.

After that every thing went wrong. First we lost all our property, but I did not mind that, I was so rich in my husband. When he could find no employment fit for such a man he became a laborer, and worked with his pick and spade, while I tried to help him by the work you have seen me do all these years.

"He used to be so tender and loving that I repented of my wicked vow a thousand times for his sake, but not for my own. If any of our poor neighbors were sick, he would go and watch with them after digging in the canal all day, and I used to wish I might be sick too, just to have him take care of me in that sweet comforting way. Sometimes when people were dying, he would pray by their bedside. It seemed as if he knew all about the place they were going to, and was just telling the people up there whose poor soul it was that was coming, and asking them, for Jesus' sake, to open the gates and let him in.

"The work was too heavy for him, but he never complained. Once he asked me if I had repented of my rash vow, and that made me more stubborn than ever.

"A month from that day he died. Then I should have gone mad, sure enough, but for the hope of another child.

"About a week before you were born, I saw him one night—how glorious he was! There was a little girl in his arms, about as old as our little Gracie would have been; and I saw in their faces how happy they must be. That softened my hard heart a little, for I thought God had been kind to my two darlings, if he had taken them away from me; but when he asked me if I would give the son that was to be born to me to the work his father was called to, I rebelled again; and he went sorrowfully away, with our little girl in his arms.

"One day a stranger stopped at the door to ask his way. It was that good man, Elder Hooper. He seemed to be better acquainted with God than the old minister was; and he taught me my duty to my husband, and to you, my son; so that I brought you in my arms at a little service he was holding, and gave you to him to be baptized. While he

was celebrating the holy service, he seemed to be impressed with the idea that you were some day to be a minister, and he said so. Then the old rebellious spirit seized me again. I snatched you out of his arms and ran away, as if to hide you where God could not find you. That night you were seized with a sudden sickness—something like a violent chill; and I thought you were dying. That crushed my hard heart to pieces. I gave up the struggle with God. I was ready for any thing. I even tried to baptize you myself, but the place seemed so awful that I could do nothing but fall on my face, and pray God to send his minister to finish the holy service.

"In the dead of night he came. God must have sent him; for he lodged a long distance away. And there he gave you to God in baptism; and I vowed you to the office of the ministry."

At this word the young man buried his face in his hands as if to hide himself, or shut out the sight of something that hurt him; but as he did not speak the widow went on.

"That good man took you, a shivering, gasping, dying, little thing, to his bosom, and somehow—it seemed nothing less than a miracle—he brought you back to life again.

"All these seventeen long years I have wept and prayed over you, for I saw that you had been born with my old rebellious spirit in you, and were fighting against the will of heaven; but I pray every day to God that he will be very gentle with you, as he was with me, and not lay the sin to your charge, but mine."

John had listened in silence, but at the words, "not to your charge, but to mine," he sprang to his feet and cried,

"No! No! I have known it; I have felt it. It is my own fault that I will not give up!"

Then, shielding his eyes with his hand as he passed before the portrait, he went away to his own room to fight his battle out alone.

It was by no means a new conflict, though now for the first time he felt that he was fighting at a disadvantage. His mother, his father, and his sister were all against him;

but a sinner's will does not succumb to superior force.

The Arabs say, that if a man can "hold his soul," he can look the lion out of countenance when he meets him in the jungle, and actually put the beast to flight with his eye. It is the will of man terrorizing the king of beasts. But that is a little thing.

Sometimes in wild bravado, or in sullen wrath, the will of man stares defiantly into the face of the King of kings, resolved to

fight and struggle and perish finally in perdition, rather than give up, even to Jehovah. Thus it was with John Mark Leighton.

Driven to bay by the providence and the grace of God, he boldly faced the duty that stood before him, and defied it.

"Go to hell I can; preach the Gospel I never will!"

It was the "will" of the God of eternity resisted and defied by the "won't" of a boy of seventeen.

CHOPIN.

MEN, in all their diversities of creeds, customs, and institutions, have agreed to ascribe to music the highest honors. In China the head of the musicians is called the conservator of the five capital virtues. The Hindoos hold all the arts as direct revelations from heaven, but believe that while the inferior deities bestowed other arts upon mortals, Brahma himself was the giver of music. In the ancient temple-service of the Hebrews music formed an important feature, and in the later Christian era, with its definite and exalted conceptions of God and his worship, it holds the first place among the religious arts.

While we find in all annals this same historic dignity, it has for us an ethical significance only vaguely apprehended in earlier ages. Through it we have a revelation of the man's self beyond his consciousness or volition. If life be glad, free, exuberant, the music will sparkle with light, rhythmical effects, as in Mendelssohn; if it be full of pain, of power cramped, of idealities too fine for embodiment, the music will moan and shriek, sweep the whole gamut of human emotions, and dying away like a force spent of itself, as did Beethoven's, and perhaps Schumann's.

In connecting the name of Chopin with this thought of the expressional power of music, its infallibility as an emotional and often moral exponent, we have regarded him quite as much in the light of a national as

an individual poet and musician. That the heart of Poland, rent, oppressed, despairing, pulsated through his gloomy, defiant Polonaises, through his tender, pleading, sobbing mazourkes, has scarcely needed the testimony of his great biographer and fellow-artist, in order to its credence; and yet the expression of this feeling, national though it be, could not have been untouched by a subjectivity so intense as we know characterized, from its very inception, the artistic life of Chopin. No one may incorporate the emotion of another in its native force or individual phases, neither can he serve as a medium for its modified expression, without lending to it somewhat of his own personality. If Chopin's life were, as we know it to have been, self-contained, sheltered, as strong and impetuous natures often are, by an invincible isolation, marked through all its stages by physical suffering, filled in its later years with the gnawing, vitalizing sense of a good, tremblingly held for a moment in his eager grasp, then escaped beyond reprieve, so much the more eloquent do his works, fantastic, weird, full of languor and caprice, subtle shadings and contradictions, become to us.

Francis Frederic Chopin was born at Zelazowa-Wola, near Warsaw, February 8, 1810. His father was French, his mother Polish. From the former he probably inherited that versatile, pliant side of his character which made him appear to give

all, when in reality he gave nothing of himself to the many who stood beyond the little circle of intimate, aristocratic friends, to whom alone he cared to be the loving, unrestrained Chopin. The germ of a dread disease, consumption, which in later years fastened with fatal hold upon him, appears to have taken root almost at his birth. His childhood was subdued by suffering. With the effort to conceal his pain from those who loved him, probably was gained that self-control which seemed so marvelous through subsequent experiences. At about the age of nine he became the pupil of Ziwna, a disciple of Sebastian Bach, with whom he continued for several years, distinguishing himself as a conscientious and diligent student. Even at this early date, art seemed to have been for him a high and holy vocation, and he regarded his own life as something to be kept pure and lofty, as befitting a priest elected to a sacred office.

The reigning prince, Antoine Radziwill, was a liberal patron of all artists, and was himself a composer of respectable abilities. His *Faust* held such rank among the musical compositions of the day as to be performed at fixed times in the Academy of Song at Berlin. He extended his patronage to Chopin, whose parents were not in a prosperous condition. Under the direction of the prince, he entered one of the first colleges of Warsaw, where he remained until his school education was supposed to be complete. During this novitiate, at perhaps fifteen years of age, George Sand describes him as being delicate and effeminate, but of surpassing loveliness, "with a form pure and slight as a young god of Olympus, with a face like that of a majestic woman filled with a divine sorrow, and as the crown of all, an expression at the same time tender and severe, chaste and impassioned." Sensitive, as are all who possess much of ideality, and understanding those only who closely resembled himself. If he spent one hour in unrestrained intercourse, it was always followed by a season of deep reserve. "Men less highly cultivated liked him for his exquisite courtesy of manner. They were so much the more pleased with this, because in

their simplicity they never imagined it was the graceful fulfillment of a duty into which no real sympathy entered."

The society of Warsaw was famed for its elegance and brilliancy, and into its most *recherché* salons the young Chopin was introduced through the influence of the Princess Czeterlynska, a woman of warm sympathy and acknowledged musical ability. Amid these brilliant circles were gathered into his life the impulses which developed somewhat later into his mazourkes, idealized expressions only of the wistful tenderness, the passionate pathos which had been actual revelations, as he played for the stately women and warlike men in the evening dance. Here, too, "he learned to prize so highly the noble and measured manners which preserve delicacy from insipidity, petty cares from wearisome trifling, conventionalism from tyranny, good taste from coldness."

The revolution of 1830 drove Chopin from Warsaw. This enforced exile separated him from the woman whom he first loved, a beautiful Polish lady who, in all the subsequent years, held faithfully her reverence for him, and perhaps realized that her devotedness and self-forgetful consecration to him were never equaled by any other woman in the musician's history. It was one more of the freakish happenings of life that Chopin, dreaming of love, lost it,—not dreaming of *glory*, it came to him. He seems to have remembered the pale-faced Polish lady with tender regretfulness, but she must have faded out of sight in the glamour of that other friendship whose object, after a long intercourse, could write so calmly of the subtle-souled musician,—“A whole world lay between the two natures, the one so rich in expansiveness, the other in exclusiveness.” In Vienna, where he tarried, he was coldly received. Other interests divided the Viennese mind, and Chopin passed on to Paris; here he was *flêted* by the *élite* of the gay capital, and bore his success as one conscious of merit, and yet not vain. Here began his friendship with his country-woman, the beautiful Countess Delphine Potocka, to whom he dedicated his second Concerto, and whose voice fell last upon his ear in the

death hour. His intimate relations were confined chiefly to the noble Polish families then in Paris, and through those who visited the city he kept himself advised of the musical interests of his country. Liszt tells us of the numerous songs brought to him by these travelers which he set to music of his own, intending some day to collect them for publication, a design unfortunately never executed. His power of expression was essentially concentrative, and therefore he seldom played for the public. "The masses intimidate me," he wrote; "their breath stifles me," and he was, indeed, only great while playing to the little circle of refined, aristocratic friends, who interpreted him oftenest, perhaps, through their love for him. He had numerous pupils, and held himself to the duty of lesson-giving conscientiously. Among his musical remains we find a few Concertos and Sonatas, eighteen Nocturnes, numerous pieces of light piano music, eleven books of Mazourkes. The Mazourkes, Polonaises, and Etudes being his characteristic works. To him we are indebted for the extension of chords struck in arpeggio. He cut himself loose from many mechanical and technical shackles.

Ritter, in his admirable *résumé* of Chopin, writes: "He teaches the fingers to serve his own artistic purposes. To do justice to the exuberant, rich melodic harmonic original passages; to reproduce, faithfully, that dreamy, romantic, ethereally euphonic coloring so peculiarly a quality of Chopin's music, the technical means of the old school no longer sufficed. He made the fingers learn a new language, a more forcible and passionate dialect. His genius taught him to discover new roads, new and richer piano-forte effects." One of his fingering innovations, which challenged much opposition, was the use of the third finger for the thumb, and *vice versa*. His Polonaises in A and A flat major are said to resemble Weber's Polonaise in E major. He has introduced a Mazourka in his grand Polonaise in F# minor, "in the style of an Idyl," Liszt writes, "full of the perfume of lavender and sweet marjorum, but in such ironic and bitter contrast with the profound sorrow before awak-

ened that one is solaced when the first phrase returns. The improvisation terminates like a dream without other conclusion than a convulsive shudder; leaving the soul under the strangest, the wildest, the most subduing impressions." The Polonaise Fantasia belongs to a later period, full of sadness and feverish restlessness.

Slowly and reluctantly we approach the closing chapters of Chopin's life. One hesitates to draw away the last reserve from the life of another, or to approach an analysis of a nature so exceptional as that of the woman who brought such depth of woe to one already filled with a devouring melancholy,—an inevitable collateral in all natures gifted like his own. Chopin was justly jealous of his rich emotional possibilities, although consciously susceptible to all influence which appeal to the artist, answering back to them in his own light and careless way, but keeping still an unanalyzed residuum which he felt could be, and which finally was, yielded without reservation only to fall back upon himself, destroying him by its very power of vitality. There is little wonder that Madame Sand, with a mind so distinctively masculine in its tendencies, wearied with fashioning ideals, and finding no form in which to incarnate them, should have welcomed the advent of the fine-souled poet and musician. It may be a question, even of psychological interest, if women of genius are not incapable of self-abnegation. Men and women appear to have for them only the interest of so many intellectual phenomena, their modes of manifestations learned, their boundaries defined, this interest seems to cease. Liszt pertinently asks if George Sand "had foreseen the form which devotion takes for such as Chopin; if she had measured the entire and absolute absorption which they will alone accept as a synonym of tenderness?" It is necessary to be in some degree sensitive and concentrative as they themselves are to be able to understand the hidden depths of such characters. Whatever the amount of intellectual appreciation Chopin obtained from her, we may well doubt if she gave him an adequate emotional interpretation. His

dread of the first meeting with her appears to have vanished under her genial reception, and in 1837 we find them on the island of Majorca, Chopin dangerously ill, Madame Sand his constant, unwearied nurse. She brought him back to life, and, on the shores of the Mediterranean, he awakened to a new and intenser consciousness of living. The solitude of the sea-girt island, its orange-groves and peaceful skies, were fit accessions to the resting-place of people so strongly imbued with poetic instincts. Chopin's idealism was so great that, were it possible, he would have idealized music itself; and the woman he loved was also an artist. Subtle-minded, but alas! not strong-souled, and the beautiful idyl ended in unrequited freedom for Madame Sand, in desolateness for Chopin:

"The solitary is either above or below humanity."

The musician was too far above to find solace from his surroundings; the old depression of a repressed activity returned; there was nothing to prevent the retortion of his mind upon itself; no external object to hold him to any line of action. The stimulus of Madame Sand's quick thought, the serene calm of her manner withdrawn, he sank into dependency and passive sorrow. In 1847 their companionship ended. From this date until 1849 Chopin's history is filled only with a succession of restorations and relapses. In 1848 he made a long contemplated visit to England; and while there played at a concert given for the benefit of his beloved Poland. In London he was fêted and applauded, and temporarily lifted out of his depression. Returning to Paris he was shocked by news of the death of his physician, Dr. Molin. To him he had been indebted twice, as he supposed, for life, and now there was no faith in any other. Nothing held him to life, and it would be easy for disease to make headway. Soon after his return he grew so much worse as to be unable to leave his bed, and scarcely spoke. His sister came from Warsaw. Gutman and the Countess Potocka were his constant attendants. While all were daily expecting his death he ordered new lodgings, and occupied himself with minute details about

the arrangement of furniture, which servants were transporting on the very day of his death.

On Sunday, October 15, 1849, his attacks grew more violent, when during an interval of quiet he called to the countess to sing. The piano was rolled to the door of his room, and, with a voice full of pathos, the Countess sang the canticle to the Virgin, which it is said once saved the life of Stradella. "How beautiful it is," he exclaimed, "My God! How very beautiful! Again, again!" The Countess, with strange courage, took her seat and sang a hymn from Marcello. Chopin grew visibly worse, and with one impulse all threw themselves upon their knees. Only the voice of the countess broke the sacred stillness. From Monday night until Tuesday he lay speechless. At eleven o'clock on Tuesday he appeared to grow better. Speech returned, and he at once asked the Abbé Jelaucki to recite with him the Litany and prayers for the dying. A convulsive sleep followed, which lasted until the 17th of October. The last struggle came about two o'clock. A cold perspiration broke over his face; he asked, drowsily, "Who is near me?" The faithful Gutman answered. Chopin bent down to kiss his hand; but before the act was done his spirit had passed away. The doors of the parlor were thrown open, and the friends who had crowded the room, waiting for the end, thronged about the body. Through life Chopin had a passionate love for flowers. This was remembered by his friends, and the day after his death they were sent in in such profusion that the body was literally buried in them, the face calm and beautiful as in earlier days, being almost alone discernible.

He had requested that the Requiem of Mozart be performed at his funeral. The ceremonies took place in the Madeleine Church, the 30th of October, 1849. Lablache, who had sung the *Tuba Mirum* of the Requiem at the burial of Beethoven in 1827, again sang it now. M. Meyerbeer, with the Prince Adam Czartoryski led the train of mourners. The pall was borne by Delacroix, Franchomme, Gutman, and Prince Alexander Czartoryski. Chopin's

own *Funeral March* was introduced at the Introit. Madame Viardol, his artist-friend, and Madame Castellan sang the solos of the Requiem. His great wish had been to be

buried by Bellini. They carried him now to the cemetery of *Père La Chaise*, and left him between the masters whom he had held in such high esteem, Bellini and Cherubini.

TALES FROM BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON.

A JEW'S CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.

THERE was once a large merchant at Paris named John Cevigni, a man of strict integrity and honor, who carried on an extensive cloth trade, and was on very intimate terms with a wealthy Jew named Abraham, like himself, a merchant of good repute. John, observing his rectitude of character, was grieved to think so wise and good a man might go to perdition through want of the true faith. He therefore began in a friendly way to beg him to abandon the errors of the Jewish faith and embrace the Christian religion, which he might see to be continually advancing, as being holy and good, while his own was declining and coming to nothing. The Jew replied that he considered no faith holy and good but the Jewish, that in that he was born, and in that he meant to live and die, nor could any thing induce him to change.

Nevertheless, a few days afterwards, John renewed his attempt, showing, as well as a layman could, on what grounds the Christian religion was preferable to the Jewish; and however well instructed the Jew was in his faith, yet John's great friendship and kindness, or perhaps the power of the truth uttered even by unlearned lips, had great influence over him. Still he obstinately refused to yield, though his friend never ceased to urge him with arguments and entreaties. At last he suffered himself to be so far prevailed on as to say:

"You wish me to become a Christian, and I am so disposed to accede to your wish, that I have made up my mind first to go to Rome, and there see him whom you represent to be the vicar of God on earth, and observe his conduct and mode of life, as well as those of his brethren, the cardinals; and

if they appear to me to be such that, from them and your arguments, I can consider your religion better than mine, I will embrace it; if not I shall continue to be a Jew."

When John heard this he was extremely grieved, and said to himself, "I have lost the labor which I thought well employed and successful in converting him; for if he goes to Rome and sees the wicked, impure life of the clergy there, not only will he not become a Christian, but if he had become one, he would certainly turn Jew again." Addressing Abraham, he said:

"My dear friend, why should you take so much trouble as it would cost you to go to Rome? Moreover, to a man like you, traveling by sea or land is very dangerous. Do you suppose you can not obtain baptism here? And if you have any doubts as to the faith which I have explained and proved to you, where will you find abler instructors or better men to satisfy your mind than here? Therefore, in my opinion, this journey of yours would be superfluous. You may take it for granted that the bishops there are such as you see here, and better in proportion as they are nearer to the chief pastor. At some future time it may be worth your while to go there on some pilgrimage to obtain pardon, and perhaps I shall be able to go with you."

To this the Jew replied, "It may be as you say, John; but, taking all things into consideration, I have quite made up my mind to go, if you wish me to do what you have so often urged upon me, and only on that condition will I comply with your wish."

John, seeing his determination, said, "Go, then, by all means," and took it for granted

he would never become a Christian after having seen the court of Rome.

The Jew set off, and went as quickly as he could to Rome, where, on his arrival, he was honorably received by the Jewish residents. And remaining there, without telling any one the object of his visit, he began to observe the conduct of the Pope and cardinals, the other prelates, and all the courtiers, and, being a man of experience and knowledge of the world, he managed to get at the truth. He found that all from the highest to the lowest, indulged in the grossest vices without restraint, shame, or remorse, and that women and youths of abandoned character were high in favor and influence. Drunkenness, gluttony, and sensuality were notoriously prevalent. On looking more closely, he found all covetous and greedy of money, for which the most sacred offices and privileges were bought and sold like cloth or any other article of merchandise at Paris; open simony being called agency, and gluttony sustenance, as if the crimes and evil purposes of men could be concealed from the knowledge of God by false names, just as men are deceived by them.

All these things, with many others that do not need special mention, were highly displeasing to the Jew, who was sober and modest in character. After having seen as much as he wanted, he returned to Paris. John having heard of his return, lost no time in calling upon him, expecting any thing but his conversion to Christianity. He met with a very friendly reception, and after a few days' rest, he asked him what he thought of the Pope, the cardinals, and the other members of the court.

In reply the Jew said: "It seems to me that the wrath of Heaven must be upon all of them, for I assure you that as far as I could learn, there is no sanctity, no devotion, no purity, or any thing good to be found in any of the clergy. All I could see was that luxury, avarice, gluttony, and worse,—if there can be any thing worse in any one,—were so much in favor with all, that I should have taken the place for the scene of diabolical operations, rather than

of divine worship and religious duties. And, as far as I can judge with all possible care and attention, it seems to me that your chief pastor and all his subordinates are doing their utmost to bring the Christian religion to naught, and drive it out of the world, at the very spot where they ought to be its chief foundation and support. Wherefore, though I stood firm and unyielding against your exhortations, and would not become a Christian, I now tell you plainly I wish to become one without delay, as I am convinced that a religion which has maintained its ground in spite of such deadly attacks upon its existence must be divine."

His friend, who expected a directly contrary conclusion to this, was highly delighted and not a little astonished. They went to the church of Notre Dame at Paris, where the Jew was baptized and received into the Church, his name being changed to that of his friend, John. He afterward received instruction in all the principles of the Christian faith, and distinguished himself by the excellence of his life and the sanctity of his character.

THE THREE RINGS.

SALADIN, whose valor was such that by means of it he had raised himself from the condition of a private man to be Sultan of Babylon, and won many victories over both Saracens and Christians, having spent all his treasure in wars and costly magnificence, found himself embarrassed for want of money. As he was wondering how he could most readily obtain some, he bethought him of a rich Jew who lent money on usury at Alexandria. He knew he could assist him if he chose, but was so avaricious that he would not be willing. His need being urgent, he thought of every possible way of forcing him without open violence, and at last sent for him, received him kindly, and, having told him to be seated, said: "My worthy friend, I have heard from many that you are very wise, and have superior knowledge of divine things. I should therefore like to know which of the three religions is the true one, the Jewish, the Saracen, or the Christian?"

The Jew, who was really a wise man, saw only too plainly that Saladin was on the lookout to catch him in his words, so as to have a plausible ground of complaint against him, and felt sure he could not praise any one of the three without letting Saladin gain his object. Consequently he had to quickly think of some answer by which he could not be caught, and having soon made up his mind what to say, he thus addressed Saladin:

"Sire, the question you propose to me is a good one, and to show you what I think on the subject, I will tell you an anecdote I have often heard.

"There was once a rich man of high rank who, amongst the other precious jewels in his possession, had a very beautiful and costly ring. Wishing to show his high estimate of its beauty and worth, and to leave it as a perpetual inheritance for his descendants, he ordered that whoever of his sons was found to possess it after his death should be acknowledged and honored as heir to all his property and rank. He to whom it was thus left gave the same direction to his sons as his predecessor had, and in this way the ring descended from one generation to another repeatedly, till at last it came into the possession of a father who had three handsome and excellent sons, all obedient to him, and all equally beloved by him. Knowing the custom which prevailed with regard to the ring, each strove eagerly in the best way he could to induce his father, who was now old, to leave it to him. The good man who loved all alike, could not decide who should have it, but having promised it to each, he thought he could manage to satisfy all three. For this purpose he secretly got a skillful workman to make two other rings so much like the one he had to leave that even the maker of them could scarcely tell which was the right one. Finding himself near his end, he secretly gave a ring to each of his sons.

"After his death each claimed to be heir, and denied the title to the others, each producing his ring in support of his claim. The rings were found to be so much alike that it could not be decided which was the

true one, and the question has never yet been settled.

"So I say to you, sire, with respect to the three religions about which you have questioned me. The followers of each claim the inheritance and the possession of the true law and commandments, but who really have and perform them is, like the question with regard to the rings, still undecided."

Saladin recognized the skill with which the Jew had avoided the snare he had laid for him, and therefore determined to explain to him his need of assistance, and see whether he was willing to serve him. He carried out his determination, and frankly told him what he had intended to do if he had not answered so discreetly. The Jew liberally supplied him with the amount he required, and Saladin made him afterward ample return for the favor, not only repaying him with interest, but bestowing upon him very valuable gifts besides, treating him always as a friend, and retaining him in an honorable position at his court.

THE PATIENT GRISELDA.

WALTER, Marquis of Luzon, a young man without wife or children, spent his time in nothing but hunting and hawking, nor did he ever think of marrying and having a family. This displeased his dependents, who repeatedly begged him to take a wife, that he might not be without heir, nor they without a lord, offering to find him one of such a character and family as to afford every prospect of making him happy.

Walter replied, "My friends you press upon me what I had quite made up my mind never to do, considering how hard it is to meet with a person who suits one's tastes and habits, how many there are of an opposite character, and how wretched a life he leads who has a wife that does not suit him. And it is folly for you to suppose you can select me a suitable wife by judging of her merits from those of her father and mother; for, even if you could gain a thorough knowledge of both father and mother, that would not be sufficient, as daughters are often very different from their parents. But since you wish to bind me with the

bond of wedlock, I consent; and that I may have no one but myself to blame, if it turns out badly, I will choose for myself. At the same time I give you warning, that if my wife is not treated by you with honor as a lady, you will suffer for having prevailed upon me to marry against my inclination."

The good people replied that they would be satisfied if he would but take a wife.

For some time past Walter had been pleased with the appearance and manners of a poor girl, living in a cottage near his mansion, and he thought she might make him a good wife. Therefore, without looking about any further, he sent for her father, who was very poor, and obtained his consent to the marriage. He then assembled his friends, and said, "You have asked me to marry, and I am willing to do so, more for the sake of pleasing you than from any wish of my own. You know what you promised me, namely, to honor as a lady whomsoever I may choose. The time has come for me to fulfill my promise to you, and you yours to me. I have found a young woman to my taste, not far from here, whom I intend to take as wife, and bring her home in a few days. Therefore take care to make the wedding as grand and happy as you can, that I may be satisfied with the performance of your promise, and you with the fulfillment of mine."

The worthy folks all cheerfully replied that they were contented, and would do all honor to whomsoever he might bring home as wife. They then made all suitable preparations for a grand and joyful wedding, and Walter did the same. He made arrangements for very sumptuous festivities, to which he invited all his relatives and neighbors of distinction. He also had most beautiful and costly dresses made, procured girdles and rings, and a beautiful coronet, and every thing suitable for a noble bride.

When the wedding-day had arrived, he mounted his horse, as did every one who had come to do him honor, and said, "Gentlemen, it is time to go for the bride." Setting out with all his train, he went to the house of the girl's father, and found her just returning in great haste with some water from the

well, that she might go with other women to see the Marquis's bride come. As soon as he saw her he addressed her by name, and asked where her father was, to which she modestly replied that he was in the house. Then Walter, having dismounted, and desired all to wait for him, went into the cottage alone, where he found her father, and said, "I am come to marry Griselda, but I first wish to ascertain something in your presence." He then asked her whether, supposing he made her his wife, she would always endeavor to please him, and not be put out by any thing he might say or do, whether she would be obedient, and several other questions, all of which she answered in the affirmative. Having ordered that she should change her humble attire for the sumptuous dress he had provided, and placed a coronet on her head, though her hair was in disorder, he led her forth, to the astonishment of all, and said, "My friends, this is the person whom I intend to be my wife, since you wish me to marry."

Then turning to her, as she stood confused and in suspense, he said, "Griselda, will you have me for your husband?" To which she replied, "Yes, my lord;" and he said, "I will take you for my wife," and put a wedding ring on her finger, in the presence of all. Mounted on a palfrey, she was honorably conducted to his house, where a grand wedding was celebrated, as if she were a daughter of the King of France.

The young woman seemed to have changed her nature and manners with her dress. She was beautiful in person, and now became so affable, pleasing, and refined, that she might have been taken for a nobleman's daughter, instead of a poor country girl. With all this she was so obedient and subservient to her husband that he considered himself the most fortunate man in the world, and toward his dependents she was so gracious and kind, that there was no one who did not love and honor her for her goodness and her exalted rank. Instead of thinking, as at first, that he had acted foolishly in marrying her, they said he had shown superior wisdom in having discovered her great excellence, which had been concealed from all

others beneath her humble poverty. In a short time her conduct and character were the theme of universal commendation, not only throughout the marquisate, but wherever she was known or heard of. Before much time had elapsed, she had a daughter, and her husband celebrated the joyful event with great festivity.

But shortly afterward, a new idea occurred to his mind, and he resolved to test her patience by long and severe trial. First, he wounded her with words, saying with apparent irritation, that his friends and dependents were very dissatisfied with her on account of her humble rank and especially since she had given birth to a daughter had they expressed their dissatisfaction. Griselda, on hearing these words, said, without change of countenance or tone, "My lord, do with me what you think most to your honor and satisfaction. I shall be content with any course you take, whatever it may be, as I know I am inferior to your friends, and was not worthy of the honor to which you were kind enough to raise me."

This reply pleased her husband very much. He was glad to see she was not rendered at all proud by the exalted rank he had conferred upon her.

Shortly afterwards, having remarked to his wife that his dependents could not endure her daughter, he sent a trusty servant to her, who, with tears in his eyes, said to her, "My lady, I am compelled, under pain of death, to do what my lord commands. He has ordered me to take your little daughter and—" He was unable to say more. The lady, hearing these words, and observing his emotion, understood that he had been ordered to kill the child, and hastily taking it out of the cradle, kissing and blessing it, she gave it to him without any outward expression of the anguish within, simply saying, "Do what my lord has commanded, but do not leave the child to be devoured by beasts and birds of prey, unless he has ordered you." The servant took the child, and informed his master of what she had said. The Marquis, wondering at her firmness, sent the child to the Countess of Panago, a relative of his at Bologna, begging

her to bring her up carefully, without saying whose daughter she was.

Not long afterward his lady gave birth to a son, a circumstance most gratifying to him. But as what he had already done had not satisfied him, he wounded her still more deeply, and, with angry look and tone, said, "Since this son of yours has been born, my people have been more impatient than ever. They can not endure the idea that the grandson of a poor man like your father should ever be my successor. Hence, unless I mean to be driven away by violence, I fear I shall be obliged to do again what I did before, and at last abandon you for another wife." Griselda heard him patiently, and merely said, "My lord, do as you please, without any thought for me; I wish for nothing except what is agreeable to you."

Shortly afterward the Marquis sent for his son, in the same way as he had for his daughter, and having made a similar suggestion of putting him to death, sent him privately to Bologna. Griselda made no other demonstration by word or look than on the previous occasion, which astonished her lord so much, that he could not help saying, no other woman would have been capable of the same firmness and endurance. His dependents, supposing he had caused the murder of his children, strongly censured him, and considered him a barbarous wretch, but felt the deepest sympathy for his wife. To those, however, who consoled with her on the death of her children, she simply said that what seemed good to their father was accepted by her.

Several years having elapsed after this, the Marquis thought it was time to put her patience to the last test. Accordingly, he told his friends he could not any longer endure Griselda to be his wife, whom he ought never to have married, and he was determined to obtain a divorce from the Pope. They made many objections, but without shaking his determination: Griselda, hearing this, and expecting to have to return to her father's cottage, and again look after the flock as before, and see another possess what she considered all her happiness, was deeply distressed, but yet she prepared to bear this

misfortune with the same patience as the preceding ones. Not long afterward the duke obtained a counterfeit license of divorce from Rome, which he showed to his friends, in whose presence he thus addressed her: "Griselda, by permission of the Pope, I can take another wife instead of you, and as my ancestors have been distinguished nobles, while yours have always been laborers, I intend that you shall no longer be my wife, but return to your father's cottage and give me back the dowry you received from me. I will then bring home another wife whom I have found suitable for me." Griselda, on hearing these words, with an effort beyond what any ordinary woman would be capable of, restrained her tears, and replied, "My lord, I always knew my mean condition did not at all accord with your exalted nobility, and the position I hold with you I owe entirely to you and to God; nor did I ever consider it as my own, but always regarded it as lent, not given to me. You wish to take it from me, and it is my duty to surrender it. There is your ring with which you espoused me—take it. Allow me to take back the dowry I brought with me, which will not cost you much, as it consists simply of my poor peasant's clothing."

The Marquis, who was more strongly disposed to weep than any one else, gave his consent to this with a feigned sternness of look and manner. His friends begged that he would not allow a wife who had been so faithful and devoted to him for seventeen years to leave him in so poor a plight. But all their entreaties were in vain, and she returned home as meanly clad as formerly, amid the tears of all who witnessed her departure. Her father, who could never believe the Marquis would retain her as his wife, was not unprepared to receive her, and she at once set about the humble services she had been wont to render him, bearing up under the rude assaults of hostile fortune with a brave and patient heart.

In a little time the Marquis, having informed his friends that he had selected as his new wife a daughter of the Count of Panago, sent for Griselda, and said, "I am going to bring home my new wife, and I

wish a grand wedding prepared in honor of her. You know I have no person in the house so qualified to make suitable preparations as you are. I therefore wish you to undertake the task, and invite the ladies; you can then go back home." Although these words were like a dagger to Griselda's heart, since she had not been able to lay aside her affection for him as she had her costly dress and lofty position, she replied, "My lord, I am ready to do as you wish," and at once began, plainly dressed as she was, to get the rooms in order, and arrange the carpets and hangings, just as if she were a mere servant in the house; nor did she rest till all was properly prepared. She then sent invitations to the ladies in the neighborhood, and, when the day came, received them with a smiling countenance and becoming manner, though still in humble attire.

The Marquis had secretly had his children brought up by the Countess of Panago, the girl being now sixteen years old and very beautiful, and the boy ten. He requested the Countess to come with them to San Luzon, and to give out that he was about to marry the girl. Accordingly, they went attended by a noble retinue, and reached San Luzon about the time for dining, where they found a large company waiting to receive the new bride. Griselda gave her a hearty and respectful welcome. The ladies had in vain requested that she might be spared the pain of being present, or at least be dressed in a suitable manner. The girl was observed by all, and every one said the Marquis had made a good exchange. Griselda praised her and her brother.

The Marquis, having now fully put Griselda's patience to the test, and being perfectly satisfied with the result, thought it was quite time she should be relieved from the suffering he knew she endured, though she did not show it in her countenance, and said to her with a smile before all present, "What do you think of my bride?"

"My lord," said she, "if, as I believe, she is as amiable and good as she is beautiful, I doubt not you will be very happy with her; but I earnestly beg you to spare her the pangs you inflicted upon your former wife,

for I fear she would hardly be able to bear them, being so young and so delicately brought up, while the other was accustomed to hardships from her childhood."

The Marquis, seeing that she firmly believed he was about to make the girl his wife, and nevertheless spoke so discreetly, made her sit by his side, and said, "Griselda, it is now time that you should reap the fruit of your long patience, and that those who have thought me brutal and cruel should know my object in what I did was to train you to be a good wife, and make them see you were so, and thus produce peace between us as long as we live together, of which there was some doubt when I first married you; and as I have never found you wanting in a desire to please me, both by word and deed, I now make you compensation for the sufferings I have caused you, and gladly restore to you your daughter, whom you supposed to be my bride, and her brother, your son. You and others have long thought I cruelly

compassed their death, but I, your husband, am happy to undeceive you, and declare my deep affection for you and them; nor do I believe any one can love his wife more ardently than I do you." Having said this, he tenderly embraced her, shedding tears of joy with her. They then went to where their children were sitting, stupefied with amazement, and kissed them affectionately. The ladies present rose, and retiring with Griselda to her room, decked her in a gorgeous robe, after which they returned with her to the banquet chamber, where festivities were kept up for several days in succession. The sagacity of the Marquis, and especially the patience of Griselda, were the subject of frequent discourse and admiration. Griselda's father was raised to a position of comfort for the rest of his life, her daughter was married to a distinguished nobleman, and she herself honored and beloved by her husband and all their acquaintance for many years.

SKY AND CLOUD.

THE sky has been called a dome so long that no other term goes with it so inseparably. Yet the number of days in the year when this word would not naturally suggest itself to a fresh observer is not small. A sky full of low-hanging clouds would never remind the traveler of St. Peter's; not to speak of those days when sky and atmosphere seem to be the unit that they are. Mr. John Burrough's, in his "Winter Sunshine," speaks of a mid-March day, when "the sky came visibly down. You could see it among the trees and between the hills." Such a sky is seen at intervals all through the year, but oftenest in the warm, soft days of early Spring, or during the period of Indian Summer. It broods over the earth like a loving mother, and is too near and intimate to be called a dome. One feels like reaching after it, as a child tries to grasp a star.

But there are other days in which the dull-

est imagination would feel the fitness of the name. The sky springs upward, a rounded, perfect arch, glorious in its symmetry. One feels the sublimity and loftiness of it. Seen through the trees or other intervening objects, it still keeps its remote, inaccessible height. Certain rare days give one a surprising sense of its altitude. If observation of the commonest phenomena of nature was not so uncommon, I should say there are few persons who have not occasionally been astonished at the infinite height of the sky over their heads. There was something signal and impressive in it, to be remembered as all rare things are remembered.

But even the dome is not that hard, flat object which it has sometimes been painted and described. The depth of it is more striking than any other feature. It is something to be looked *through*, and not *at*; which the longer the eye follows, the further it penetrates. A cloudless heaven is discov-

ered to be a changing, pulsating mass of color, infinitely subtle in its expressions; and when closely scrutinized, as baffling to the eye as the play of the aurora.

With its covering of cloud, so unceasingly varied in form and color, the sky is the most notable object in nature. And it is almost surprising to remember that of all visible things, it is the commonest. The great vault covers sea and land, but of the three elements, sky is the only universal one. Ruskin says somewhere that the purposes of nature might have been served just as well, if an ugly black rain-cloud had every now and then covered the heavens and discharged its contents upon the earth; but as if beauty were a primary matter, the whole scenery of the sky obeys a law of exquisite and perpetual change.

The very variety of sky forms is one reason why so little is known about them. It takes a remarkable display of color and outline to hold place in the memory beyond a day or two. Very few people carry more than half a dozen distinct pictures of sunset in their brain.

Wide, open horizons convey a delightful sense of freedom. To ascend from the shut-in valley to any height is like discovering a new world. The mind takes wing with the birds that soar above one, and finds out new fields to roam through. The world turns out to be very large, in spite of the disparaging things said about her as compared with other stellar bodies. From a lofty mountain-top, the wide extent of surface, stretching in every direction, is little more than half of the panorama; the sky seems to descend, and retreats in long, vanishing reaches to a dim point where it forms one with the earth.

The little patch of blue or gray which one is shut up to in the city, is better than nothing, and prepares one to appreciate the roominess of the world upon leaving brick walls for the open. But it will not do to underrate the exhibitions of sky even in the city. The fragments and bits are valuable, especially when radiant with the color which is as lavish there as it is in unbroken horizons. The splendid dyes of a fine sunset

show more brilliantly through spaces of foliage than when distance is unobstructed; and in the same way it seems as if those golden or rich red widths of color which break upon the sight as every street is passed are intensified by the long, somber blocks of brick and marble lying between. The momentary glimpses down long, narrow vistas of glory whet the appetite, and are more keenly enjoyed than a full-fed vision.

The symmetry of the round, blue dome is much aided by those fine gradations of color which on the majority of fine days steal up from the horizon and melt away into the azure. It is as impossible to tell where the tints begin and end as it is to give them a name at all. A purple-pink band shading off indefinitely often girdles the horizon on cold Winter days as well as sultry August ones. It is a rich haze; but we feel it to be a part of the sky, and not something separate between us and it.

But in our clear, bright weather, there are plenty of days when the separateness of sky and cloud is marked enough. The clouds are visibly suspended between us and the great space. Oftener than otherwise, they are spoken of as lying against the blue, but now and then the distance beyond them is too apparent for this. A clear moonlight night with great soft masses of white cloud scattered through the heavens, gives the best effects of depth in the sky. Great vaults of dark solemn space open up immeasurably beyond that comparatively trivial height, where the clouds float. If it were possible to climb to one of these, and sit on its edge, one imagines the depth above would look far more alarming than the one below.

Nothing in nature is so immaterial and delicately changing as the clouds. It is worth while to spend a day in observation, to note what exhaustless possibilities of change lie in a few hours' time. One of the commonest shows of cloud-evolution, and one which seems to follow a certain law, begins with a multitude of soft, globular figures that may cover the entire sky; these dissolve into a host of finely mottled images like fish-scales, then marshal themselves into ranks like waves of the sea, emerging

at last into a thin, delicate fabric like crumpled muslin.

On a still Summer day, when great masses of soft vapor fill the heavens, the procession of figures is like a scene of enchantment. Stately animals stride past, the like of which are not seen again; broad-winged birds sail into the west, never to return; grand chariots move by that are turned into mighty giants on the horizon; flocks of white sheep troop leisurely along into other pasture-fields; tall towers and castles rise out of shapelessness into strong symmetry, to dissolve like visions; nameless forms rise, glide past and vanish into space, until change seems the law of the world, and permanence only a myth.

When the sun has set and this dissolving view of vapors becomes a painted spectacle, the eye is feasted with color as the fancy has been with form. The slow dawn of color, which first tints the cloud-edges, then grows into a warm suffusion till the whole mass is irradiated, the rich deepening of hues, the endless shades, the subtle fading away of light, one cloud after another, gray and forsaken, until only a golden glow lingers in the horizon, is like a poem or a symphony of the old masters. The effect stays in the memory long after the details of the picture are forgotten.

The play of color in the clouds is too delicate to be much talked of. While one watches the flaming red of sunset, it has changed to rose, the rose as subtly passes into purple, and the purple into cold blue; the shade of green in the sky, so often seen on Autumn evenings, is sometimes so delicate that it eludes close scrutiny; it is only when glanced at that it becomes real.

After a storm which clears off cold, the clouds sometimes break up into a wild disorder which more than any thing else suggests a battle-field. The broken columns, the trampling hosts, the smoke, the lurid lights, are in vivid mimicry of the sadder conflicts that have raged below. Dark purple masses of vapor with harsh edges of cold color break into fragments as if a bomb had burst among them; the aerial hosts charge, retreat, and fall into confusion; torn, ragged

banners stream in the wind; isolated portions touched with weird light, fly across the heavens like mad horsemen; the horizon is sullen and brooding, or angry with electric light, as if it held forces in reserve. When all this silent excitement has cleared away, leaving the great happy blue behind it, perhaps blent in the west with green, the mind, too, has become clarified and ready to renew work.

Clouds borne in opposite directions by different currents of air, offer a pleasant excitement to the observer. One host moving silently eastward meets another squadron marching as calmly toward the west. Now and then a ragged fragment forsakes its own company, and wanders irregularly away to the other. Those shaggy, loose, formless vapors, that on certain days fly across the heavens, are a hasty, disreputable troop, and are generally the couriers of a storm. Shelley compares them to "locks of hair."

One of the daintiest and most suggestive freaks of clouds is seen now and then, when a regular chain of them lies on the horizon, sometimes quite encircling it. When of nearly uniform size and shape, they remind one of children playing "all-hands-round." In the gray twilight, when distance grows shadowy, it is pleasant to think of this aerial company still hovering round the darkening world.

The low, gray skies of November are not popular, but there is a deep poetry in their somberness which somehow touches the heart more than the laughing June heaven. Memory and expectation are both roused under the low-hanging clouds of this time of year. If the day is cold and windy, and the clouds are broken into ranks which move solidly across the sky, one feels strangely inspired and glad. The rapid march of the desolate clouds has something triumphant in it. All the poets have felt this, and only Thomas Hood, in foggy London, wrote a comical description of the dull dismalness of November.

The most delicate colors of clouds are seen in the morning. The pearl of the seashell and the iris of the dove's wing love to tint the dawn when people are asleep. It is

a good thing occasionally to rise before the sun, and see what messengers of loveliness he sends in advance. The first gray streaks are full of prophecy. The faint amber, lilac, and opaline hues which touch the clouds, mock all effort at description. When the car of Aurora has moved further on, a yellow flame burns in the east, scattering fire-brands along the northern and southern horizons, and casts a red flood upon the opposite heights. The conflict between light and shade in certain sunrises is an exciting study. More than other mornings, the darkness seems to battle with the on-coming dawn, and to lie in its strongholds even when the dances of yellow light bristle thickly in the east.

There are sunsets which yield as reluctantly to the twilight. Light and color hold their own long after nominal evening. The darkness that should be gloomy is pervaded with warm, rich color, a deep glow that triumphs over shadow. Autumn furnishes the best specimens of this kind of sunset. The depth and intensity of coloring are a revelation. Crimson, bronze, and heavy purple fill the sky and penetrate heavy masses of darkness. Sometimes one-half of the sky and earth is under the dominion of evening, while the other half disputes it in rich magnificence of light. It is neither day nor night, but night charged with radiance, as the whole substance of clouds is sometimes luminous with sunshine.

Certain localities furnish finer sunsets than others. Atmosphere, mountain, and

sea afford different conditions for the play of light and color. But it is a dreary spot which does not every few days hang some vision of beauty in the western sky. The yellow flame when there are no clouds, and the golden after-glow; the scarlet flood fading into blue and gray; the crimson glory spreading half-way to the zenith, passing into rose and purple; the massive red bars of color lying against pure, radiant reliefs; the electric green space merging into blue; the great reach of dark cloud after a storm, with only a shining line of promise on its edge,—these succeed each other almost like the procession of the days, and are always as new and surprising. Now and then there is a re-illumination of the clouds after the chief splendor has faded. It is seen after a beautiful sunset, when the west has thrown out its finest colors. The eye has watched them combine, intensify, shift, and gradually die out, leaving the cold blue or gray behind them, with a keen regret for the evanescence of so much loveliness. After some minutes, when the shadows have deepened, and night seems imminent, as if in response to one's longing, the color returns again, fainter than before, but still beautiful, and irradiates the horizon. The iron-gray bars and masses are flushed with delicate tender tints, and minute flecks further up the sky stand out in dainty hues against the blue. This is the echo of the sunset, and the eye is as pleased with it as the ear is with the repetitions of one's voice when they are heard from distant hills.

THE PAINTED CHINA.

It is said that when the gold bands are first put on the finest china they appear of a dull, reddish brown. But when the wares have been in the hot furnace the required time, they come out burnished gold.

Have you never known people who have come out of a furnace of trouble or suffering like this china? They were only common Christians when they entered it, but they have come out of it like pure gold.

When God sends trouble upon any of us it is to make us better; it is not that he loves to afflict us. Oh, if we would learn the good lesson some other way, how gladly would he teach it! But our perverse hearts refuse to hear his voice when all is sunshine with us. Our souls must perish unless he sends us some cross to carry, that will make us think of the cross that Jesus has borne for us.

THE LEGEND OF THE SILVER SPRING.*

"Oh let once more my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame,—
Give me one glorious lengthened stream
Of life, all love and fame."

WHY is it that in our desire for rejuvenescence, we turn as by instinct to that fluid which is so abundant on our globe? For this there must be reasons deep in the very essence of our being. There are intimate relations between man and this primordial element; for in the human body it is the chief component, more than half being of water. The life-germ in the planted seed is electric, and, in growth, it struggles to ascend into its native electricity, where it is generated in the upper light. So in man, there is a similar tendency towards water, as the source of life, as the sustaining principle of all things. It is the chief agent by which the world is made fruitful. Always and everywhere water has been one of God's most beneficent ministers of blessing. How cool it is to the fevered brow! How sweet to the parched lip! How welcome to the dying! In all ages certain streams and fountains have been regarded with reverence. Holy wells and sacred fountains, guarded by naiads and fairies, at once beautiful and generous, have attracted to their shrines during all the ages of human history, many a pilgrim in search of health for the sick and strength for the feeble.

Who has not heard of those waters of heathen mythology, which, it is said, could delay the march of time, and restore the blood to the pallid cheek, and keep in perpetual youth those who bathed in them? Who has

not wished that there was more of truth than poetry in the fable? And, indeed,

"'T was a beautiful dream of the ancient time,
Of the wondrous minds of old,
That fountain—that could renew the prime,
The beauty, the purple light sublime,
That defies mortal mold."

And since such is the almost universal instinct of the human imagination, why wonder at the day-dream of Ponce de Leon? Call it hallucination if you please, baseless as an airy vision, but for all that, it was part of a wide-spread feeling, natural enough, though tinged with superstition. He had a longing for wealth, and in the New World there was silver in the rocks, and gold in the temples. But even could he have gained these, what could they avail for him? He had long since passed the prime of life, and had grown gray in military service. He had heard the stories of a king whose garments were of gold, and of a wonderful healing spring. He therefore came to this supposed island, to which he gave the name of Florida, fondly hoping that he might find them here. He sought for, but found not the Fountain of Youth. Perhaps because he did not look for it in the right direction, or go far enough into the heart of the country. At all events the story has been associated with our southern clime. And perhaps, after all, it is true that for the invalid there may be renewal of life in the balmy air and beautiful waters of Florida.

*The Silver Spring is among the wonders of the Peninsula of Florida. It is situated not far from the geographical center of the State, on the left-hand side of the Oklawaha River, which is an affluent of the St. John's falling into the latter stream on its western side, a little way above Platska, about a hundred miles above its mouth. The Oklawaha is a small, sluggish stream, navigable for boats of light draft, and serving, like all the other streams of the peninsula, as a thread upon which a succession of lakes is strung. About thirty miles from its mouth is the Silver Spring,—an immense fountain of slightly tepid water, with just enough sulphur to render it marvelously transparent. The basin is two

or three hundred feet in diameter, and its greatest depth about eighty feet. Such is its transparency that the white pebbles at the bottom are clearly visible, as are the fishes that swim in its waters. The stream that leads from the spring to the river is of such breadth and depth that the small steamers that ascend the river often pass up into the spring, and turn about to return again. Because of the warmth of the vapor that rises from it, its borders are frequented by myriads of birds during the Winter months,—especially for roosting. It is quite natural that such a physical curiosity should become the theme of local legends, one of which is here given.—
EDITOR.

It is not the purpose of this paper to unravel the mystery of the magic fountain. It is not proposed to find out where it is. My object is a different one. It is rather that of mental and physical relaxation, with some reasonable curiosity to see what others have so greatly admired. In the Summer of 187-, circumstances favored a visit to the Silver Spring. The features, in detail, of this now celebrated route are given in the guide-books and in letters of "Correspondents." A few points noted down by myself are here reproduced.

The trip commences at Weelaka, a small village on the St. John's River, opposite to the mouth of the Oklawaha. The term Weelaka is the Indian name for the St. John's River, and is said to mean a "chain of lakes." And such the river is; for a number of straits and lakes, from the Everglades to the Atlantic, flow through, and encircle this part of the peninsula like a string of pearls round the neck of an Indian Venus.

Up the Oklawaha River lies our way. The tortuous stream is black with *humus* held in solution. At least, such is the theory of most tourists who have seen the wet plains, and the floating islands further on. They think that the dark mud, or coloring matter, comes from the broad savannas, north of the south-western lakes. If, at some future time, those marshes shall be reclaimed, a vast area of rich land will be created, where cities will rise, and corn, cotton, and sugar-cane will grow, and where the gold of the orange and the crimson of the rose will make a new Hesperides, more valuable, because more real, than the fabled "Garden of the gods."

But our "bright improvement on the car of time" has not quite reached that point,—not yet. We are here on this wild, dark stream, and shaded and lonely as it is, it makes one feel poetically reverential, if not a little superstitious. Perhaps nowhere else in Florida can you see finer specimens of live oaks, with their pendent wreaths of Spanish moss, gray and solemn like beards of the ancient Druids. Where else can you find such tall, majestic cypresses, with leaves

innumerable, but small and delicate, like the petals of a flower? And the palmettoes, so grand and tropical in their appearance? Though not the same to us as the date-palm to the Arabs, they yet give a peculiar charm to our scenery, and are great favorites in Florida. A few years since, when certain Arabs heard a description of the wealth and luxury of England, they were filled with envy; but when told that no date-trees grew there, the feeling changed to pity, and they exclaimed, "Ah! England may be rich, but it has no palms; give us our own land, with its beautiful palms!" So say we, give us our own mild clime; our soft, green woods; our cedars and palmettoes, through which the "sweet south wind breathes o'er banks of violets, stealing and giving odor."

At length, adieu to the dark river. We leave it, and turn up a brighter stream, whose waters of mingled blue, green, and yellow, come directly from the Silver Springs, and flow into the Oklawaha.

It is the last week in June, and the blossoms of the red maple, the yellow jasmine, and other Spring flowers are gone; but on the banks, or growing right out of the water, are lilies, white and red. The hibiscus, as some call it, or, as I prefer, the crimson lily, is now in its pride, and it is truly a splendid flower. It stands like the banner of a fairy king, or, anon, stoops its gorgeous head, as if (Narcissus like) to kiss its own image in the wave below. I longed to dig up some roots of this lily, and carry them home. Vain idea, as if they could thus be taken from their deep watery beds—or if they ought to be. No, let them remain, to glorify their native air.

Although there are no clover-fields near by, nor beds of thyme, yet the honey-bees are out in force. They are every-where among the orange blooms, and the thousands of saccharine valves, murmuring their sweet song to every leaf and bough, where a flower may be hidden. The humming-bird, too, the rich and the brightest bird of Paradise, is here fresh as the morning. On wings of green and gold, the little Peri is seen, darting from the morning-glory to the violet, ever whispering words of love to the most

retired and modest plants, telling of the wide blue heaven above and beyond them.

As to a description of the fountain, I will not attempt what has been done so often and so well. A thought or two, however, may be permitted.

While in a canoe on the surface of this spring, no one with the eye of an artist or a poet can fail to note the liquid airiness of its calm, transparent depths. One might fancy that a mountain of diamond had been dissolved into this pellucid fountain. It looks like a section of what Tyndall calls the "infinite azure." You feel as if floating in the moon's silver boat, when all is cloudless o'er the blue sea of heaven—alone, etherialized, immortal.

But where does the interminable flow of waters come from? Some distant lake or sea, perhaps, sends it through subterranean caverns—dark, Cyclopean halls—supported by vast columns of rock, that stand on Ocean's floor, and where, in Nature's own alembics, the waters are made sweet. Or, is it, as some fancy, a holy well from Eden, whose crystal drops came from the sorrowing eyes of our first mother, and mingled with tears of angels, when they wept with her in sympathy? If so, they should possess some higher type of virtue than that of mere outward purification. They should be held sacred as the Jordan to the pilgrim, and blessed as the waters of Siloa.

Here are a few tiny fishes, and it is delightful to see them glide and flash and bend and vibrate, as they play among the grasses, and sport amid the manifold bubbling waves. They shine like gold and silver, as though particles of these two metals were diffused among their scales. Here they live tranquil and gentle—happy enough in their own way. Angler, spare thy rod; it is out of place here; do not meddle with these fairy fishes; their life is no more to be touched than that of the mocking-bird, for it is recognized as a sin to kill a mocking-bird, and one would almost as soon think of pulling a trigger on an angel as on that imitable songster.

Down among the rocks, and on the floor of the spring, there are shells of iridescent

luster, and small bits of brightness that gleam and sparkle like gems.

But if you can forego sleep, come out from the hard couch, and view the scene by moonlight undisturbed. The fire-flies have lighted their lanterns, as love-signals to the little ladies of their own kind. In the violet arch above, millions of stars, like lamps of gold, are burning round the throne of God. The Milky-Way, deemed as of old, the path of the sun, or a lucent bridge over which the gods passed from heaven to earth, still maintains its place among the constellations, though with pale hue like one forsaken.

And the moon—exceptionally brilliant in these southern skies—how it awakens interest and excites our curiosity. We ask no more, Is it a world of life? The Ross telescope has dispelled that idea. We are now told it is a *dead world*. If so, its ghostly robe is exceedingly beautiful. But how is it that from its spectral ruins—its naked mountains, and deep, dark caverns—there comes so much of reflected brilliance? Perhaps it is a mass of crystal—or say, that it is composed of silver. And the sun's light is therefore given to us from a globe of silver.

Be this as it may, on such a night as I have chosen, the moon's unclouded grandeur

"Seems like a canopy which love had spread,
To curtain the sleeping world."

The rays come down in long threads of silver, that play among the branches, and dance and quiver on the fountain. Its beams are woven into gauzy sheen, that spreads white over the flowing waters. It seems to turn the spring itself into liquid brightness. Nay, it is a baptism of light, poured out upon me from the great hand of Nature, as I stand here silent before her beautiful shrine. The moon must have been a good world when alive, for now when dead, it sheds over all things a soft and gentle glory. And to the devout how does all this suggest the waters of the "Wells of Life," where at the feet of palm-crowned martyrs, they rise and flow in tideless everlasting streams. Look at them in all their varied aspects, and you will scarcely wonder that these are called the Silver Springs.

While here, I learned that connected with this fountain there is a legend, which may be briefly told.

A long time ago, when Okahumkee was king over the tribes of Indians, who roamed and hunted round the southwestern lakes, an event occurred which filled many hearts with sorrow. The king had a daughter, named Weenonah, whose rare beauty was the pride of the old man's life. Weenonah was exceedingly graceful, and symmetrical in figure. Her face was of an olive complexion, tinged with a light brown—the skin finely transparent, exquisitely clear. It was easy to see the red blood beneath the surface, and often it blushed in response to the feeling of a warm and generous nature. Her eye was the crystal of the soul, clear and liquid, or flashing and defiant, according to her mood. It is said that the tear which trembles on a woman's eyelid holds locked in its cell an amount of electric fire equal to that which is discharged during a storm from a thunder-cloud. And certainly, if in Weenonah's eye a tear should gather, we may well believe that it would have lightning enough to fire the warrior's heart, and give it a very serious if not fatal wound. But the hair was the glory of the woman. Dark as the raven's plume; but shot with gleams as of sacred arrows, the large masses when free rolled in tresses of rich abundance. The silken drapery of that splendid hair fell about her

"Like some royal cloak,
Dropp'd from the cloud-land's rare and radiant loom."

Need a word be said as to the costume of an Indian girl in southern clime? Only this, that Weenonah delighted in what was simple and modest, enhanced at certain times, with precious stones and other finery. And always from the SEASONS came offerings of clusters and wreaths of flowers, as if they had acknowledged her their queen.

Weenonah was, in truth, a forest belle—an idol of the braves, and many were the eloquent things said of her by the red men, when they rested at noon, or smoked around their evening fires. She was a coveted prize, and chiefs and warriors vied with each other as to who should present the most valuable

gift, when her hand was sought from the king, her father.

But the daughter had her own ideas on this most interesting subject. In fact, she had already seen and loved Chuleötah, the renowned chief of a tribe which dwelt among the wild groves near Silver Springs.

The personal appearance of Chuleötah, as described by the hieroglyphics of that day, could be no other than prepossessing. He was arrayed in a style suitable to the dignity of a chief. On his head were the feathers of the eagle; sometimes of the heron, and pink curlew. His breast was covered with silver ornaments. His upper garment was fastened around the waist by a girdle of red silk, into which was thrust his scalping-knife and tomahawk. Red leggings and moccasins, adorned with embroidery and beads, completed his attire. Bold, handsome, well-developed, he was to an Indian maiden the very ideal of manly vigor.

When these two met, for their moon-lit walks, in groves star-lighted, or under a sky gorgeous with the thousand hues of sunset, they seemed to be in every way worthy of each other. She, a girl of eighteen Summers, fresh and fair as the flowers of Spring; he, the tall, dark-browed chieftain, a type of strength inspired by the grandeur of the lofty woods. They were happy in the present; blissful in anticipations of the future. Pity that such rose-colored dreams should ever be dissolved.

But it was a sad truth that between the old chief and the young, and their tribes, there had long been a deadly feud. They were enemies. And when Okahumkee learned that Chuleötah had gained the affections of his beloved child, he at once declared his purpose of revenge. A war of passion soon opened, and was carried on without much regard to international amenities; nor had many weeks passed away before the noble Chuleötah was slain—slain, too, by the father of Weenonah.

Dead! Her lover dead! Poor Weenonah! Will she return to the paternal lodge and dwell among her people? Why her father's hand is stained with the drippings of her lover's scalp. No, she hurries away to the

well-known fountain. Her heart is there; for it is a favorite spot, and was a trysting-place, where herself and Chuleōtah met beneath the emerald robed trees, when the air was charged with odors of aromatic shrubs, and the garden of the mountain blossomed with stars; while each little wavelet of the spring mirrored the form of some sparkling orb aflame in the far-off sky. There the two had often sat down on the Fountain's bank to gaze on the foliage of broad oaks and giant cypresses as these leaned over their dark shadows in the water; and at such times the lovers would drink in from the beauty of the scene until their hearts swelled with its fullness. Its associations are all made sacred by the memories of the past. It has now, more than ever, a sweet but melancholy interest. The bodies of slaughtered friends are buried beneath the soil. The shades of heroes glide through the trees. And on the glassy bosom of the spring the pale ghost of Chuleōtah stands and *beckons her to come*. "Yes, O my own, my beloved one, I come. I will follow where thou ledest, to the green and flowery land." Thus spake the will, if not the lips of the maiden. It is not a mere common suicide which she now contemplates. It is not despair, nor a broken heart, nor the loss of reason; it is not because she is sick of the world, or tired of life. Her faith is, that by an act of self-immolation she will rejoin her lover on those spirit-plains, whose far-off strange glory has for her now such an irresistible attraction.

The red clouds of sunset had passed away from the Western skies. Gray mists came stealing on; but they soon melted and disappeared, as the stars shone through the airy blue. The moon came out with more than common brilliancy, and her light silvered the Fountain. All was still save the night winds, that sighed and moaned through the lofty pines. Then came Weenonah to the side of the spring, where, gazing down, she could see on the bottom the clear green shelves of limestone, sloping into sharp hol-

lows, opening here and there into still profounder depths. Eighty feet below, on that mass of rock, was her bed of death. Easy enough for her, as, before she could reach it, the spirit must have fled. The jagged rocks on the floor could therefore produce no pain in that beautiful form. For a moment she paused on the edge of the springs; then met her palms above her head, and, with a wild leap, she fell into the whelming waves.

In the course of time the body was dissolved into its original elements,—all but the hair and its crown of bright ornaments. So the legend says, and as the medium through which we look gives its own color to an object, so if the tourist will use the mystic light of fancy, or look through a thin plate of gold rendered transparent, he can easily see it for himself.

Down there in the spring are shells finely polished by the attrition of the waters. They might be taken for pearls, gems, precious stones, plates of silver, all bright, and flashing with the colors of the rainbow. They shine with purple and crimson and white irradiations, as if beams of the Aurora, or clouds of a tropical sunset had been broken and scattered among them. Now mark those long green filaments of moss, or fresh water Algae, swaying to and fro to the motion of the waves,—these are the loosened braids and tresses of Weenonah's hair, whose coronet gives out such beautiful coruscations,—sparkling and luminous, like diamonds of the deep, when in the phosphorescence of night, the ocean waves are tipped with fire.

These relics of the devoted Indian girl are the charm and glory of the Silver Springs.

But as to Weenonah herself—the real woman who could think and feel, with her affections and memory, she is gone to one of those enchanted isles far put in the western sea, where the maiden and her lover are united, and where both have found another Silver Spring amid the rosy bowers of LOVE ETERNAL. So runs the Indian legend of the Silver Spring.

AN IDYL OF THE ROSE.

'T WAS in late Autumn, and the North Wind strayed
 To distant Southland, saying, "I will see
 My brother's kingdom. He shall quickly flee,
 For at this time, he is of me afraid."
 The peaceful South Wind fled with rapid speed.
 Their terror of the North Wind froze the streams;
 He stript the glory of the woods. The beams
 Of fleeing sun showed Winter ruled indeed.
 At last more kind became the aging year;
 He told the North Wind that he must go back,
 And was obeyed, although along his track,
 The scowling North Wind seemed to go by fear:
 So loath to let the plains and woods regain
 Their pleasing verdure, bees to hum, birds sing.
 'Mid budding trees, with blossoms crowned, glad Spring
 Dances with South Wind come again to reign.

The conquered North Wind cries: "I'll have a sign
 That I've been here, and here again will be!"
 A leafless rose-bush from the ground tore he,
 And carried to his home this token fine,
 Which he soon planted in a cheerless soil.
 One day, the tyrant in a Northern stroll,
 By night was overtaken near the Pole.
 That eve his brother, resting from his toil,
 Slept unawares near where the rose-bush stood.
 And at day-dawn, he saw his cherished plant,
 Hopefully waiting, trusting Time would grant
 His sure return, to bless her solitude.
 Thus waiting patiently, the rose prepared
 Herself for his approach; his gentle sighs
 Told he was near; now, soon, his wondering eyes
 Gazed on her beauty none with him should share.

Quickly, he clasps her in his loving arms,
 How tenderly! And with him she shall reign
 Life's season, where the North Wind brings no pain,
 'Till Time shall steal the aged year's last charms.
 But even then, the Rose need have no fears,
 For her grief-stricken lover shall but lave
 With April-showers, her well-remembered grave,
 When she will smile with him amid their tears.

EFFECTS OF UNBELIEF UPON MORALS.

PUTTING special cases aside, and looking at the question in a general way, it may be safely affirmed that morality has not flourished among either civilized or uncivilized men, when religious belief has been generally lost or utterly debased. Not to dwell upon the case of savage races, the modern Hindoos and Chinese have long been civilized, but are certainly not moral; nor can any thing worse be conceived than the morality of the Greeks and Romans, at the height of their civilization. The morality of the Romans in the old republican times, when they knew nothing of Greek philosophy, was praised by Polybius, who connected it, directly and emphatically, with the influence among them of religious belief. After their intellectual cultivation had taken its tone from their religious or agnostic materialism of Epicurus (hardly distinguishable, I think, from that sort of philosophy which some persons think destined to supplant religious belief in the present day), their morality became what is described in the first chapter of the *Epistle to the Romans* and in the *Satires of Juvenal*; nor does it seem to have been worse than that of the other civilized races on the shores of the Mediterranean over whom, at the same time, religion had equally lost its influence.

On the other hand, it seems to me certain, as an historical fact, that the place which the principles of love and benevolence, humility and self-abnegation, have assumed in the morality of Christian nations (with a wide-spreading influence which has been advancing till the present time with the growth of civilization) is specifically due to Christianity. To Christianity are specifically due: 1. Our respect for human life, which condemns suicide, infanticide, political assassination, and, I might almost say, homicide generally, in a way previously unknown, and still unknown where Christianity does not prevail; 2. Our recognition of such moral and spiritual

relations between man and man as are inconsistent with the degradation of women and with the practice of slavery; 3. Our reverence for the bond of marriage; and, 4. Our abhorrence of some particular forms of vice. I do not mean to deny that traces of a state of opinion more or less similar upon some of these points are discoverable in what we know of the manners of some non-Christian nations; but it is historically true to say that the prevalence of each of these principles, as manifested among ourselves, is specifically due to Christianity. Of Christianity I speak in a sense inclusive of all that it derives from the antecedent Jewish system, of which it claims to be the true continuation and development.

If freedom of inquiry is not to be stopped after the rejection of religious belief, it must gradually extend itself to the whole circle of morality, most, if not all, of which is as little capable of demonstrative proof through the evidence of the senses as any of the doctrines of religion. Those who reject religion will not voluntarily submit to moral restraints founded upon the religion which they reject, unless they can be placed upon some other intellectual basis, sufficiently cogent to themselves to resist the attractions of appetite or self-interest. That large part of mankind who are always too much under the government of their inclinations and passions will be quicker in drawing moral corollaries from irreligious principles than the philosophers by whom those principles are propounded; and the advanced posts of morality, in which the influence of religion culminates, and of which the necessity may not be so evident on natural or social grounds, are not likely to be very strenuously defended by those philosophers themselves.

Not only did the ethical systems of the ancients which were based upon the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number, fail to make men moral, but we see its impotence constantly exemplified among

those whom we call "men of the world"—a class of persons who are by no means indifferent to their own happiness, or to the good opinion of the world, but by whom the influence of religious belief is not practically felt; exemplified, too, on points of morality of which the reasonableness seems most manifest. There are no virtues, I suppose, which can more readily be shown to be conducive to happiness, whether particular or general, than that which the Greeks call *ἐγκρατεία*, and that of benevolence. What can be more contrary to both at once of these than the irregular indulgence of sensual appetite at the cost of the permanent degradation, and almost certain misery, of human beings who are its instruments and victims, and of innumerable physical as well as moral evils to individuals, families, and mankind at large? Yet how very common is this sort of immorality, even among cultivated men, living on good terms with society! How little is it reprov'd, how seldom restrained, except by the authority or through the influence, direct or indirect, of religion! All readers of Horace remember the *sententia dia Catonis*, and I doubt whether non-religious opinion among ourselves is much stricter on this subject, though it may be less freely expressed. If it is otherwise as to some of the more abnormal forms of *ἀκρασία*, I have already said that this is specifically due to Christianity. The cultivated Greeks and Romans spoke and wrote lightly and familiarly of vices of which we do not speak at all: they regarded them, indeed, as effeminate, but not as infamous, and certainly did not visit them with grave social penalties. So tainted was their moral atmosphere, that even such really religious men among them as Socrates and Plato (to whom, however, a religion teaching morals with definiteness and authority was unknown) surprise us by their want of sensitiveness on these points, as manifested in some passages of the Socratic Dialogues.

I will next inquire whether a sufficient rule of morality is to be found, when religion is set aside, in any law of our nature: first, regarding the constitution of our na-

ture apart from; and, secondly, taking into account the existence in it of a moral instinct or sense.

If any one calls the application of right reason to human conduct generally a law of our nature, from which such a rule is to be derived, without taking into account the moral sense—this, as it seems to me, would be only a different and more indefinite mode of expressing substantially the same theories which have been already been dealt with.

When we proceed to take into account the moral instinct or sense, we come upon the border-ground, if not into the proper territory, of religion. To a man who believes in a moral government of the universe, in the distinctness of the *Ego*, the real man, from his bodily organization, and in the doctrines of moral responsibility and moral adjustment in a future state, nothing can be more real, nothing more intelligible, than this moral instinct or sense, with its suggestions of right and wrong, of duty, guilt, and sin, and its judicial conscience. But, if all these postulates are denied, what is then to be thought of this moral instinct or sense? Why is it, on that hypothesis, less a mere accident of the nervous system, or of some other part of the bodily organization, than the religious instinct, which is already supposed to be set aside, as resting upon no demonstrable ground? As a phenomenon, and in some sense a fact, it exists just as the religious instinct does (if they be not really the same); but those principles of thought which explain away the one, as having no proper objective cause, and as indicative of no objective truth, may as easily explain away the other also. The one is not more susceptible of sensible and experimental demonstration than the other. If man were merely a higher order of the organization of matter, homogeneous with, and produced by spontaneous development from, inorganic substances, plants, and inferior animals, and under no responsibility to any moral intelligence greater than his own, what reality would there be in the conception of a moral law of obligation, inapplicable

to all other known forms of matter, and applicable only to man?

These questions are practical. Experience, on the large scale, shows that men who disregard the religious can not generally be trusted to pay regard to the moral sense. A moral sense, not believed in, can never supply a practical foundation for morality. On the other hand, a moral sense, believed in, is (in reality) itself religion—possibly inarticulate, but religion still. Such a belief can not exist, without accepting the evidence of the moral sense as equally trustworthy concerning those things of which it informs us, as the evidence of the bodily senses is concerning those things of which they inform us. It is, of course, only from the impressions made upon our own minds that we can know any thing about any of the subjects, either of physical, or of intellectual, or of moral sensation: their intrinsic nature, abstracted from those impressions, is to us, in each case alike, an inaccessible mystery. But belief in the sense is belief in the truth of the information which the sense gives to us; that is, that this information, if rightly apprehended, is trustworthy, as far as it goes; that there are objective realities corresponding with it. The moral sense, believed in, is not merely a possible, but I suppose it to be the only possible, human foundation of morality. An intelligent belief in the moral sense naturally takes the man beyond himself, to a higher source of his moral conceptions, which it really presupposes; and any truths correlative to it, which are either ascertainable by the processes of reason, or capable of being otherwise made known, will naturally, when they become known, be recognized in their proper relation to it, and can not be rejected without doing it violence. Any such correlative knowledge of the higher truths (to the existence of which the moral sense testifies, though it does not fully reveal them) must enlighten, inform, and strengthen it. It is the office of such knowledge to answer authoritatively those questions, as to the real nature, the proper work, the true happiness, the true place in the universe of man, which philosophy has al-

ways been asking, and has never, by itself, been able to solve. It harmonizes, accounts for, and enforces by authoritative sanctions, the concurrent testimonies of the moral sense, the religious instinct,—nature interpreted by reason, and reason enlightened by experience. On the other hand, the want, and still more the rejection, of such knowledge (supposing it to be attainable and true) must, in a corresponding degree, obscure, perplex, or discredit the moral sense.

I am well aware that some who seem to reject all dogmatic theology, and even the principles of natural religion, do nevertheless live up to a high moral standard; just as there are too many others, professing (not always insincerely) to believe in religion, who do the reverse. The moral sense never has been, and never will be, extinguished among mankind; and in all ages and countries, of which we have any real historical knowledge, there have been conspicuous examples of men who have made it their rule of life. Doubtless there have been many more who did so, of whom we know nothing; nor is it unreasonable to believe that there may be many such even among very degraded races. But these facts do not invalidate general conclusions as to the general moral tendency of a decline of religious belief. Those examples of exceptional goodness have not been sufficient to prevent or to arrest a progressive deterioration of general morality when the light of religion has been absent or obscured; and the best ancient schemes of philosophy, which were founded upon the moral sense, failed to compete practically with that of materialism, which did all that was possible to destroy it. "Live while we may"—"let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—are natural corollaries from the doctrine of Epicurus; whatever more refined conceptions that philosopher or any of his followers may have propounded. Such will ever be the effect, in the world generally, of a popular disbelief in the doctrines of immortality and retribution; not because the hope of rewards or the fear of punishments is the foundation of religious morality (which, to fulfill the requirements either of religion

or of the moral sense, must ascend much higher), but because our nature is so constituted that the destiny of the individual, for good or evil, for happiness or the reverse, is inseparably bound up with the moral law of his being; and because those aids and defenses which result from the recognition of this truth are necessary for the ascendancy of the higher over the lower elements of our nature, and for the education of man to virtue. A boy, whose mainsprings of right action are conscience and love, will not endeavor to fulfill the objects for which he is sent to school more selfishly, or from less worthy motives, when he is informed of their relation to his future life, than if he were left in ignorance of it; but the knowledge of that relation, by making him understand the importance of the future as compared with the present, and the meaning and reasonableness of his present duties, may enable him better to fulfill them.

All that has been said assumes, of course, that there is such a thing as religious truth: nor is it possible to deny that, if this could really be disproved, the morality founded upon it would fail. But it can not be without importance, whenever the proper evidences of the truth of religion are considered, to take into account, as one of them, its relation to morality; the certainty that, if it were displaced, the system of morality now received among men would, to a great extent, fall with it; and the extreme intellectual difficulty of maintaining, in that event, the supremacy of the moral sense, or placing the morality of the future upon a new basis, likely to acquire general authority among mankind. If it should be suggested that a sufficient moral code, for practical purposes, might be maintained by increasing the stringency of human laws in proportion to the failure of religious sanctions, I should reply that the power of human laws depends upon morality, and not morality upon human laws; and that any legislation, greatly in advance of the moral sentiment of the community, would certainly not be effectual, and could not long be maintained.

It has been no part of my purpose to enter into an examination of any questions as to

particular doctrines of religion. I have throughout used the word "religion" in a sense exclusive of all systems, usurping that name, which take no cognizance of morality, or which are repugnant, in their practical precepts, to the general moral sense of mankind; and I have not dissembled my belief that Christianity (regarded in its general aspect, with reference to the points of agreement rather than those of difference among Christians) does fulfill the conditions necessary for moral efficacy. Error, inconsistency, incompleteness, or admixture of foreign elements, in particular modes of apprehending or representing it, must, no doubt, as far as they prevail, and in proportion to their importance, detract from the authority, or deteriorate the quality, of its influence. So also must the mere fact of disagreement. But, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, Christianity is the great moral power of the world. It has often been supposed to be declining, but has, as often, renewed its strength; nor has any other power been found to take its place, where it has seemed to lose ground. As to other forms of religion it may, without difficulty, be admitted that such elements as they have in common with Christianity may be expected (except so far as they are neutralized or counteracted by other contrary elements) to tend, in their measure, toward the same standard of morality. It is proper (as I suppose) to Christianity, rightly understood, to assert the identity of its own essential principles with those of natural religion, while teaching that the moral government of the world has been so conducted as not to leave mankind dependent upon natural religion only; and it refers to a common origin with itself all the elements of religious belief, consistent with its own doctrines, which have been, at any time or place, accepted among the nations of the world. These propositions, and also that of the presence of the religious principle in any practical belief of the moral sense, appear to be in accordance with what is said by St. Paul in the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the first, and the fourteenth and fifteenth verses of the second, chapters of the Epistle to the Romans.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

WHEN, more than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's *Life of Dr. Thomas Arnold*, Headmaster of Rugby, author of the *History of Rome*, etc., was published, the world of letters recognized two weighty facts,—first, that a really great and good man had been taken away, and, second, that a new writer of great excellence and of much promise had appeared. The book has continued to be read, and the fame of its subject seems not to have grown dim with the lapse of time, and the writer has become one of the best and most widely known of Englishmen, himself honoring the titles bestowed upon him rather than receiving honors from them, because in the great republic of letters, where titles and positions go for nothing, he has successfully challenged recognition as among the first. The recent publication in England of a new edition of the “*Life of Arnold*” evinces the perpetuated interest of the public in the work, and in its subject and author; and also offers the not unwelcome occasion for once more bringing into public notice a name and a character, the consideration of which can not fail to be useful. A new generation of readers has come up since the first publication of the volume; if our brief sketch of the subject shall induce any of these to read this, to them, new book, they will thereby become our debtor, and we shall probably win their thanks.

Thomas Arnold, a man of renown in England, thirty or forty years ago, was born in 1795, in the Isle of Wight. His early education was confided to his aunt, “who took an affectionate pride in her charge, and directed all his studies as a child.” When eight years of age he was sent from home to a preparatory school, as is usual in England with the children of the upper and middle classes. He remained there until he was twelve, when he was removed for four years to Winchester, one of the great public-schools of England, an experience that was of great

value to him when he became Head Master of Rugby.

We are told that when a boy he was of a shy and retiring disposition, and that his manner was marked “by a stiffness and formality the very reverse of the joyousness and simplicity of his later years.” It is a great comfort to some of us to know that he found a difficulty in rising, amounting almost to a constitutional infirmity. Though he afterward overcame this by habit, yet he never found the truth of the usual rule, that all things are made easy by custom. There was nothing, however, *dilettante* about him, and one of his school-fellows tells that “he was stiff in his opinions, and utterly unmovable by force or fraud when he had made up his mind, whether right or wrong.”

When a child he was most remarkable for forwardness in history and geography. At three years old he received from his father a present of Smollett's “*History of England*,” as a reward for the accuracy with which he had told the stories connected with the portraits and pictures of the successive reigns; and at the same age he used to sit at his aunt's table arranging his geographical cards, and recognizing at a glance the different counties of the dissected map of England. When lecturing at Oxford, he quoted from Dr. Priestley's “*Lectures on History*,” which he had read when he was eight years old, and when only fourteen he wrote, “I verily believe that half at least of the Roman history is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated; how far different are the modest, unaffected, and impartial narrations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.” We must remember that when he wrote these words, Niebuhr, Mömmsen, Arnold himself, and other explorers, had not yet shown the baselessness of early Roman history with which school-boys are now acquainted.

In his sixteenth year, three or four years younger than is usual in England, he was elected as a scholar in Corpus Christi Col-

lege, Oxford, and four years later he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College. The late Judge Coleridge, in a letter to Dean Stanley, has left a letter with most interesting particulars of Arnold's college life. He says, "He was fond of conversation on serious matters, and vehement in argument; fearless too in advancing his opinion—which, to say the truth, often startled us a good deal; but he was ingenuous and candid, and though the fearlessness with which, so young as he was, he advanced his opinions might have seemed to betoken presumption, yet the good temper with which he bore retort or rebuke relieved him from that imputation; he was bold and warm, because so far as his knowledge went he saw very clearly, and he was an ardent lover of truth, but I never saw in him even then a grain of vanity or conceit."

He tells us also that Arnold's was an anxiously inquisitive mind, a scrupulously conscientious heart. Previous to his ordination, theological doubts threw him into very great mental distress. The plenary inspiration of Holy Writ, and the awful mystery of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity became invested to him with objections. But if there are any so foolish as to rejoice in this, let them also know that these doubts all vanished when Arnold's mind had become matured, his knowledge greater, and his judgment more sober. If some youthful reader of this article is suffering the same distress which befell Arnold, let his conduct be an example, and the blessing of truth which was vouchsafed to Arnold a hope and consolation. One of his most intimate friends wisely said, "One had better have Arnold's doubts than most men's certainties."

In 1819, when twenty-four years of age, he settled at Valeham, where he remained for the next nine years, taking seven or eight young men as private pupils in preparation for the Universities. One year later he married, and at Valeham were born six of his nine children.

About this time he seemed to spring out of the defects of his boyhood—"indolent habits, morbid restlessness, and occasional weariness of duty; indulgence of vague

schemes without definite purpose"—and to become inspired with the fixed earnestness and devotion which henceforth took possession of his whole heart and will. "The intellectual doubts which beset the first opening of his mind to the realities of religious belief, when he shared the state of perplexity which in his later sermons he feelingly describes as the severest of earthly trials, and which so endeared to him through life the story of the Apostle Thomas, all seem to have vanished away for ever." From this time a deep consciousness of the invisible world, and a power of bringing it before him in the midst of his most active engagements, became the moving-spring of his whole life. Like David's, his mind was keen, sensitive, and self-analyzing, and like David's, his religion nourished itself upon the trials and cares of his daily activities. The impression on those who knew him was often as though he knew what others only believed, as though he had seen what others only talked about. "No one could know him even a little," said one of his friends, "and not be struck with his absolute wrestling with evil, so that like St. Paul he seemed to be battling with the wicked one, and yet with the feeling of God's help on his side, scorning as well as hating him." The love and adoration which he felt for our Lord Jesus Christ was distinct and intense. While he felt that the revelation of even the Father is to be looked upon rather as the promise of another life, than as the support of this life, it was great comfort to him to know that "our God" is "Jesus Christ our Lord, the image of the invisible God," and that "in him is represented all the fullness of the Godhead, until we know even as we are known." With such principles as these moderating his ambition he willingly settled down to his quiet, uneventful life at Valeham.

A letter which Arnold wrote to the father of one of his pupils shows incidentally his deep interest in their welfare, and his consciousness that education means vastly more than mere instruction in classics or science. "I regret in your son," he writes, "a carelessness which does not allow him to think seriously of what he is living for, and

to do what is right, not merely as a matter of regularity, but because it is a duty. He is capable of doing a great deal; and I have not seen any thing in him which has called for reproof since he has been with me. I am only desirous that he should work more heartily, just, in short, as he would work if he took an interest of himself in his own improvement. On this, of course, all distinction in Oxford must depend; but much more than distinction depends on it, for the difference between a useful education, and one which does not affect the future life, rests mainly on the greater or less activity which it has communicated to the pupil's mind; whether he has learned to think, or to act, and to gain knowledge by himself, or whether he has merely followed passively as long as there was some one to draw him."

One of his pupils says, "Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do, that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and of awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labors, was one of Arnold's most characteristic features as a trainer of youth. In the details of daily business, the quantity of time that he devoted to his pupils was very remarkable. Lessons began at seven, and with the interval of breakfast lasted till nearly three; then he would walk with his pupils, and dine at half-past five. At seven he usually had some lesson on hand; and it was only when we all were gathered up in the drawing room after tea, amidst young men on all sides of him, that he would commence work for himself, in writing his sermons or Roman history."

The recollections of his conversations which have been preserved from this period abound with expressions of his strong sense of the "want of Christian principle in the literature of the day," and an anxious foreboding of the possible results which might

thence ensue in the case of any change in existing notions and circumstances. The following prophetic words of his are being sadly and exactly fulfilled in the present day. "I fear," he said, "the approach of a greater struggle between good and evil than the world has yet seen, in which there may well happen the greatest trial to the faith of good men that can be imagined, if the greatest talent and ability are decidedly on the side of their adversaries, and they will have nothing but faith and holiness to oppose to it. Something of this kind may have been the meaning, or part of the meaning of the words, 'that by signs and wonders they should deceive even the elect.' What I should be afraid of would be, that good men, taking alarm at the prevailing spirit, would fear to yield even points they could not maintain, instead of wisely giving them, and holding on where they could."

In 1828, when thirty-three years of age, he was appointed head-master of Rugby, one of the great public-schools of England. The limits of this article will not permit any account of the public-school system, which, in spite of its defects, has done so much to mold and strengthen the sturdy self-reliance and energy of the English character, but we earnestly desire our readers who wish to see it alive to read, or re-read, "Tom Brown's School-days," and for its results, "Tom Brown at Oxford."

At the time when Arnold went to Rugby the religious and moral elements in the public-schools were at a very low ebb. There was scarcely even the pretense of giving a Christian character to what constituted the education of the English upper classes. Wilberforce and others had urged reform, but many thought that a total destruction of the system was inevitable. Arnold's mind, like Ithuriel's spear, was gifted with the power of discerning evil under whatever guise it might conceal itself, and wherever occasion offered he ran eagerly into conflict against it. In taking charge of Rugby he cut loose from all precedents, placed before him an ideal standard of perfection, which he strove after with all his might.

In inquiring for an assistant master, he writes, "What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common sense, and understands boys. I prefer activity of mind and an interest in his work to high scholarship; for the one may be acquired far more easily than the other. It is my great object to get here a society of intelligent, gentlemanly, and active men, who may permanently keep up the character of the school, and make it '*vile damnum*,' if I were to break my neck to-morrow."

His great object was to make the school a place of really Christian education. The intellectual training was not for a moment underrated, but he looked on all school work and machinery as bearing on the great end of all instruction; he remembered that the boys were to grow up to be Christian men, and that their age did not prevent their faults from being sins, or their excellences from being noble and Christian virtues. His education "was not based upon religion, but was itself religious." When in teaching, or conversation, religious topics were expressly introduced by him, they had not the appearance of a temporary appeal to the feelings; they were looked upon as the natural expression of what was constantly implied. It was felt that he had the power of doing what was right, and speaking what was true, and thinking what was good, independently of any professional or conventional notions that so to act, speak, or think was becoming or expedient.

He had a deep conviction that the freedom and independence of school-life, might be made the best preparation for Christian manhood. He writes, "In most cases those who come with a character of positive good are benefited; it is the neutral and indecisive characters which are apt to be decided for evil by schools, as they would in fact by any other temptation." "I hold fast," he said, "to the great truth, that blessed is he that overcometh," and in one of his school sermons we read, "The character is braced amid such scenes to a greater beauty and firmness than it ever can attain without enduring and witnessing them. Our work

here would be absolutely unendurable, if we did not remember that the victory of fallen man lies not in innocence but in tried virtue." But in order that good principles might have every possible advantage he made constant strenuous effort to maintain in the school at any cost a high Christian *morale*. Few scenes can be recorded of him more characteristic than on one occasion when, having expelled several boys, he said, "It is *not* necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." He more than once said, "What we must look for here is, first, religious and moral principles; second, gentlemanly conduct; third, intellectual ability." For mere smartness he had no regard. "Mere intellectual acuteness," he used to say, "divested as it is, in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive and great and good, is to me more revolting than the most helpless imbecility, seeming to be almost like the spirit of Mephistopheles."

Some teachers, contending against the radical innovators who would throw down the old classical landmarks of education, will rejoice that Doctor Arnold said: "The study of language seems to me as if it was given for the very purpose of forming the human mind in youth; and the Greek and Latin languages, in themselves so perfect, and at the same time freed from the insuperable difficulty which must attend any attempt to teach boys philosophy through the medium of their own spoken language, seem the very instruments by which this is to be effected."

Traits and actions of boys, which to a stranger would have told nothing, were to him highly significant. "Do you see," said he to an assistant master, who had recently come, "those two boys walking together? I never saw them together before; you should make an especial point of observing the company they keep; nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character." This close watchfulness was caused by a deep undercurrent of sympathy, which often broke through the reserve of his outward manner.

"If he should turn out ill," he said of a young boy of promise, to one of the assistant masters, and his voice trembled with emotion as he spoke, "I think it would break my heart."

We have little space to consider Arnold as an eminent writer in history, theology, or politics, as a newspaper editor or pamphleteer, as a friend, or in his family relationships. To render our sketch of him less incomplete we shall quote some sentences of his letters from the mass which we had marked for notice. Though a member of the English aristocracy, he was of most liberal sentiments at a time when the great bulk of the gentry was Tory. He writes:

"Undoubtedly some of the very best and wisest men in the country have, on the Reform question, joined this party (the Tory), but they are as Falkland was at Oxford,—had their party triumphed, they would have been the first to lament the victory; for *they* would not have influenced the measures carried into effect; but the worst and most selfish part of our aristocracy, . . . men like the Hortensii and Lentuli and Claudii, of the Roman civil wars, who thwarted Pompey, insulted Cicero, and ground down the provinces with their insolence and tyranny; men so hateful and contemptible that I verily believe that the victory of Caesar was a less evil to the human race than would have resulted from the triumph of the aristocracy."

To our countryman, Abbott, the author of "The Young Christian," he writes: "It is desirable on every occasion to enlarge the friendly communication of our country with yours. The publication of a work like yours in America was far more delightful to me than its publication in England could have been. Nothing can be more important to the future welfare of mankind than that God's people, serving him in power and in love, and in a sound mind, should deeply influence the national character of the United States, which, in many parts of the Union, is undoubtedly exposed to influences of a very different description, owing to circumstances apparently beyond the control of human power and wisdom."

In answer to a question from a friend, he

writes on the subject of a minister's studies: "While all men should study the Scriptures, he should study them thoroughly; because from them only is the knowledge of Christianity to be obtained. And they are to be studied with the help of philological works and antiquarian, not of dogmatical theology. But then for the application of the Scriptures for preaching, etc., a man requires, first the general cultivation of his mind, by constantly reading the works of the very greatest writers, philosophers, orators, and poets; and, next, an understanding of the actual state of society and of history, as explaining and affecting the existing differences among us, both social and religious. Further, I should advise a constant use of the biography of good men; their inward feelings, prayers, etc., and of devotional and practical works, like Taylor's 'Holy Living,' Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' etc."

In a letter to Archbishop Whately, we find: "Neutrality seems to me a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence; they can not get strong impressions of what is true and right, and the weak impression, which is all that they can take, can not overcome indolence and fear. I crave a strong mind for my children for this reason, that they then can have a chance at least of appreciating truth keenly; and when a man does that, honesty becomes comparatively easy."

His soul, thirsting for reform, and impatient of the conservatism that

"Broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,"

sometimes breaks into such an oburgation as this: "The English nation are like a man in a lethargy; they are never roused from their conservatism till mustard poultices are put to their feet. Had it not been for the fires in Smithfield they would have remained hostile to the Reformation; had it not been for the butcheries of Jeffreys, they would have opposed the Revolution."

His advice to a master would be of advantage to any teacher or preacher: "You need not think that your own reading will now have no object, because you are engaged

with young boys. Every improvement of your own powers and knowledge tells immediately upon them; and, indeed, I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind; it is drinking out of a pond instead of from a spring. And whatever you read tends generally to your own increase of power, and will be felt by you in a hundred ways hereafter."

How many can sympathize with these words, "It is quite awful to watch the strength of evil in such young minds, and how powerless is every effort against it. It would give the vainest man alive a very fair notion of his own insufficiency, to see how little he can do, and how his most earnest addresses are as a cannon-ball on a feather-bed; thorough careless unimpressibleness beats one all to pieces. And so it is, and so it will be; and, as far as I am concerned, I can quite say that it is much better that it should be so; for it would be too kindling could one perceive these young minds led from evil by one's own efforts; one would be sorely tempted to bow down to one's own net. As it is, the net is so palpably ragged, that one sees perforce how sorry an idol it would make." It is little wonder that with such a character as is reflected in these letters ruling at Rugby, Carlyle, after visiting the school, should express the hope that it might "long continue to be what was to him one of the rarest sights in the world—a temple of industrious peace."

A multitude of sparkling epigrams may be picked up in Arnold's letters. Take a few specimens:

"All writings which state the truth must contain things which, taken nakedly and without their balancing truths, may serve the purposes of either party, because no party is altogether wrong." "One of St. Paul's favorite notions of heresy is 'a dotting about strifes of words.' One side may be right in such a strife, and the other wrong, but both are heretical as to Christianity,

because they lead men's minds away from the love of God and of Christ, to questions essentially tempting to the intellect, and which tend to no profit toward godliness."

"No people ever yet possessed that activity of mind, and that power of reflection and questioning of things, which are the marks of intellectual advancement, without having derived them mediately or immediately from Greece." "The mass of mankind, whether in good coats or bad, will always be vulgar-minded." "Why will so many good men, in their theological and ecclesiastical notions, so completely reverse St. Paul's rule, showing themselves children in understanding, and men only in the vehemence of their passions?"

The letters illustrate what our scant extracts from them do not, the importance in the biography of a leader of men of large quotations from his letters. They show ordinary men the earnest seething toil of truth-seeking brains in the intellectual Olympus, and remind them of its existence and incalculable importance in the destiny of our race.

On the morning of the 11th June, 1842, when in robust health, on the eve of his forty-seventh birth-day, he was suddenly seized with *angina pectoris*, and in about two hours died. Probably there is not a reader of this magazine, who would read the biography of which we have made this imperfect abstract, but would derive from it an inspiration to duty and a revelation of life's value and true ends whose price would be beyond rubies. Let us remember his words, the last entry in his diary, the night before he died, when he had no thought that he was already in the valley of the shadow of death, "There are works, which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work, to keep myself humble, pure, and believing, laboring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me, rather than by others, if God disapprove of my doing it."

SACRED MEDITATIONS.

[ABRIDGED AND MODIFIED FROM "GOOD WORDS."]

SPIRITUAL ASPIRATIONS.

ST. PAUL'S letter to the Philippians, which is among the last he wrote, is itself a clear proof of his spiritual growth. He had not stood still all those years since he planned that Epistle to the Thessalonians, which begins his correspondence with the Churches. One feels in reading these wise and thoughtful words to the men of Philippi, among whom he had once been thrown into prison, and scourged without offense and without trial, that they are freed from the sharpness and argumentativeness of his earlier works, and are, indeed, the ripe fruit of a mellow and serene faith. But though he had grown in knowledge, he was not puffed up; for he had equally grown in the charity that edifieth. He was still aspiring and struggling; "reaching forth and pressing on," for he felt and declared that he "had not yet attained, neither was already perfect."

To make every attainment only a fresh starting-point, every lesson learned only an impulse to go forward and rise to higher wisdom is the true quality of noble souls. There is no point at which they conclude they have now only to "rest and be thankful." Whether intellectually or morally, and especially so religiously, the instinct of progress hurries them ever onward, to forget what is behind in that which is still to be achieved. The scientist never fancies for a moment that he has exhausted discovery; but when he seems, perhaps, to have used up one vein, he looks round for other fields and other processes by which he may approach somewhat nearer the end which never can be reached. The true artist also has in him an ideal of excellence, which always rises higher the higher his accomplished work is, so that it never seems any nearer, but is ever beckoning him on. And so, when he has completed any task—be it picture or poem or statue—though it has cost him the toil and thought of many a

weary day, he does not look on it as a finished performance, but soon begins to see its blemishes, and by and by forgets it in the fresh and fairer vision which now lures him to yet higher efforts. And so in the spiritual world wherever a man is true to his high calling he never seems to himself to have attained: at best, he is only attaining. His sense of present imperfection is great; but this does not depress or disquiet—rather it stirs him up to higher aspiration, and more strenuous effort. Thus he forgets the things that are behind. Many of them were failures; all of them came short of his own ideal; and were he to brood long over them, he would be sure to lose heart. Therefore, taking the lesson which they read to him, the healthy soul makes them new starting-points, and reaches forth, and presses on to something better.

That was the spirit of Paul, and that is the spirit of all who are like him. Wherever there is life there is also growth, consciously or otherwise. People may formulate opinion, and try to fix the thought so that it shall always retain the same form and dimensions as it had at some period—say, the third century, or the seventeenth—when, as they imagine, it had reached its fullness. But even crustaceans have periodically to cast off their old shells, and fit themselves with new ones, and as the time of change is rather a sickly one with them, they may fondly hope each new shell will be the perfect one, that will last them forever. So, also, Churches have, at various seasons, got themselves what they thought would be their final shells or creeds; but unless they died in them as some of them have done, they found, sooner or later, that they needed fresh ones, or, at any rate, must get rid of the old which they once gloried in as a possession forever. Individual men, too, who at one period held themselves to be thoroughly furnished in doctrine, yet, being living men, often wake

up some day to find that they are no longer where they once were, and that many things which were once valid to them are no longer so. The same thing happens in matters which are deeper than mere opinion; for life expands with expanding thought, sometimes going before it, sometimes dragged after it, but always, in some measure, changing with its changes, and growing with its growth.

The deeper idea deepens the character, and the ripening character mellows and softens opinion. Thus, consciously or unconsciously, men grow, unless they are dead, in which latter case they corrupt and decay. But this progress largely depends on the soul's "open vision," its conscious desire to grow. Where there is but little aspiration and no effort, there may still be progress; but it will be at a lower rate, and to a less degree. A healthy youth grows in size and vigor though he thinks of nothing less than of the development of his limbs and muscles. But the soul that would attain to its true dimensions must deliberately set itself to work for that end, not satisfied with its present state, nor yet even vaguely aspiring to a higher, but with clear purpose ordering and adjusting itself with the view of attaining a definite mark. Too much self-consciousness may have its dangers, and perfect spiritual health is, no doubt, a near approach to perfect self-forgetfulness. But the process of reaching that state requires both clear intelligence of what is wanting, and clear-sighted aspiration after better things. And here we are compelled to the humiliating confession that outside the ordinary Christian life one finds more aspiration than within it, more dissatisfaction with self, and desire for something better. There is always hope in the fresh aspiration of youth; but Christianity is meant to have its old men, like Paul, as eager for progress as young men, never thinking they have yet attained either are already perfect. But are our gray-haired Christians of this type as full of hope and effort for new stages of religious growth as they were in their sanguine boyhood? Some, indeed, may say, "We count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge

of Christ,"—and that is, so far, good; but where are the gray-haired men whose faith exults in the thought that the things which were behind are out of mind, and that their business is to reach forth and press on to the better things that lie beyond? That was Paul's thought all through, to his life's end.

UNCONSCIOUS CHRISTIAN POWER.

When Moses came down from the Mount where he had talked with God, his face shone so that the people feared to look upon him, but he knew it not. There needs no miracle, indeed, to make one's face brighten or darken, for any deep emotion will reveal itself in light or shadow. But in this case the shining was so brilliant that the people were afraid to come near him till the brightness had been veiled. The light was like that which the three disciples saw on the "holy mount," when Jesus was transfigured and his face appeared to them like the sun for brightness. So the glory which Moses saw when he was "in the cleft of the rock" was reflected upon his own face, though he wist not that its radiance lingered upon him. It was the unconscious shining of one who had seen God. Others saw it and were afraid, but he himself knew it not; but as soon as he became conscious of it, it began to grow dim. When he had veiled it, there was already no need to veil it; but so long as "he wist not" of it, it continued its brightness.

Now all this is a beautiful symbol of the Christian life. The Christian is the light of the world; but he himself takes no note of it. "Looking to Jesus," he absorbs more and more of his spirit, and "is changed into the same image from glory to glory," just as the flower which, if it grew in the darkness, would be pale and colorless, is tinted with beauty as it gazes on the sun and drinks in his light. So in the contemplation of Christ we get that "life which is the light of men;" "we live, yet not we, but Christ liveth in us," as the "glorious beauty" of the flower is but the sunshine received into it. Here and there, indeed, men may be met with, truthful, loving, pure-hearted, inspired with a high sense of duty, faithful to the right, and meek and brave: and perhaps

we are fain to persuade ourselves that, because they have no religious belief to speak of, therefore such characters are a pure natural growth, and may be formed without any Christian influence. But we forget that they have always breathed an atmosphere penetrated throughout by religious ideas, and have been surrounded on all hands by religious customs, which consciously or unconsciously have helped to fashion their nature. No one of us can separate himself from these spiritual forces. They have formed our institutions; they pervade our literature; they control our social relations; they seize on the new-born child, and sing hymns over his cradle, which form the first molds into which his thoughts are run. We are none of us what we are, then, without Christ; but because the light which is all about us has also wrought its way into us. Besides, there is a meek faithfulness, a tender kindness, a patient courage, a self-sacrificing love in those who are looking really to Jesus, which we find nowhere else in anything like equal intensity and power. They shine, because they have seen God as he is not seen elsewhere; and the peculiarity of their light is, that they do not think of it—the clearer it is, the less they seem to know it.

Your Pharisee is always considering how bright his virtues are. Jesus describes him as going up to the temple to pray; and then, apparently forgetting what he was there for, instead of praying, he only thanked God that he was not like other folk, and recounted his various merits so that heaven might have no sort of excuse for not knowing all about them. There is a deep, but sorrowful, satire in the picture. One feels that here is a man who will never shine without knowing it, and letting other people know it too.

One often notices with admiration the unconscious grace and beauty of childhood. Up to a certain age there is exquisite freedom in every motion and beauty in every posture. How frank and fearless its gaze! how searching its artless questions! By and by it begins to think about itself, and then all that simple, unstudied grace begins to be formal and artificial. Now Christ says,

"Except ye become as little children, ye can not enter the kingdom of God," which required child-likeness certainly includes this beautiful spiritual unconsciousness of self. This, however, does not so much appear in the first stages of the religious life. Rather there is often a very painful self-consciousness that men attain to at the beginning of spiritual quickening; but it is not their virtues but their sins, not their light but their darkness, that then appears to their newly awakened spiritual consciousness. "I have heard of thee," said Job, "by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eyes have seen thee, and I abhor myself." When Isaiah had seen the glory of the Lord in prophetic vision, he exclaimed, "Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." When Peter saw the manifestation of his divinity in Jesus, his spontaneous outcry was, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." The religious diaries, so common a hundred years ago, were especially notable for this kind of deprecatory self-consciousness. We may, indeed, be too curious in watching the variations of the spiritual thermometer. In perfect health one does not know how his heart beats; the man that never felt the dyspepsia is scarcely aware that he has a stomach. The perfection of art is reached only when its highest exercises proceed without special purposes,—and in some sense spontaneously, like the song of the birds, which just sings of itself.

In spiritual life, though there must be great labor, there must also be no artifice, no seeming unconsciousness, but a simple, unstudied worth, which thinks not of self at all, but only of the work of God. That is the mark at which we should be aiming, and any thing short of that falls short of perfect grace. Our business is to shine like Moses, and know not that we shine. Therein we differ from Christ. He could unite a most child-like simplicity of goodness with a self-consciousness amounting to a kind of sublime egotism. That belonged to his mission. It was necessary for him to say, "I am the light of the world." But while it belonged to him both to have all perfection, and to be conscious of it all, that is a burden we

are not able to bear; for as soon as we think we are shining, either in saying fine things or in doing good works, that moment our glory begins to fade away.

THE DEW OF YOUTH.

The one hundred and tenth Psalm is confessedly among the most thoroughly prophetic and Messianic of all the collection; and in its presentation of the work and successes of David's Lord, among other things it is said "thou hast the dew of thy youth." Without attempting a rigid exegesis of these words, we may accommodate them to set forth the excellent truth, that the highest spirituality, like the highest genius, retains a perpetual youth. Its heart never grows old; it ripens, but it never ages; it keeps all through, the freshness, the bloom, the glorious dew of youth.

That is a characteristic of the most winning and beautiful type of piety—of those persons who strike us as peculiarly Christ-like. Yet the Church often values more highly a very different kind of person, and hardly takes enough pains, therefore, to watch and help and tenderly guide those who should by all means be encouraged to hold fast these "morning dews." The Gospel is not, like the various schemes of even the wise and good men of this world, a mere educational power, attracting to itself all who have any desire for better things, and training them in all thoughtful culture, up to the fullness of their being. That is a good work as far as it goes, but it is not enough; and therefore Jesus came seeking the lost sheep; and the more lost the more earnestly were they to be sought. Repentance and the bringing back of prodigals to the Father's house have a place in the very heart of the Gospel, which they have not in the practical ethics of philosophy. And so it has come to pass that the mercy which restores the erring, having been recognized as the chiefest glory of Christianity, has also induced the Church to look upon those who have been great sinners, but have become distinguished for piety, as its noblest trophies and its typical fruits. Nor do we question that in many instances, men who,

like St. Augustine, have run through a career of sin, and afterwards devoted themselves with entire consecration to lives of piety, have been among the most blessed triumphs of the Christian faith. But after all these are not the best types of spiritual growth, nor yet the most fruitful.

Many who pass through such low descents into sin will, even after they have been rescued and redeemed, carry with them into their new estate traces and shadows of their former lives. While, therefore, we rejoice in such displays of "grace abounding for the chief of sinners, we are not prepared to set up this class as the special representatives of the Christian life. There is still something valuable in the idea of a spiritual culture which shall lay hold of dewy youth, and surround it with heavenly influences, and elevate and consecrate it till it reach the fullness of a glad and many-sided life. Our Lord did not overlook this, even while he touched, with what has seemed to some a fine irony, "the ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." He blesses the little children. He looks on the "young ruler" and "loves him." He is very far from denying the beauty and the dew of youth. It is not to his eye sinless, but it is hopeful and full of promise. It has passions that will need to be restrained, follies that need to be watched, many fresh budding forces that will need careful training. It has also, and Jesus lovingly recognizes the fact, fine instincts, pure ideals, noble enthusiasms, which cling to it and brighten it like drops of morning dew. It has dreams, like Jacob's at Bethel, of making life a ladder rising from earth to heaven, up which the soul shall climb, cheered and helped by the fellowship of angels. It has fine heroic instincts, glowing with the chivalry of antique faith, and thrilling to any tale of noble worth, which it fondly hopes one day to rival. It has faith in truth, and in man's love of truth, and burns with a generous enthusiasm for the truth which it heartily believes. And it has no guile, but looks with clear straightforward glance to its aim, while it may stumble on the road over obstacles it has unwisely overlooked. And this bright hope-

fulness, this noble heroism, this fine enthusiasm, this single-hearted purpose,—these are its fresh dews, its holy beauties, which Jesus also had, and kept to the very end. They never dried on him, hard and hot as his sun beat on them; and they need never dry on us either. I do not know that all youth have them. Some appear to come into the world with the mold of age already on their soul, and cobwebs on their windows, and earthly dust all over them. God pity them, poor things! Precociously wise and worldly, knowing no more of morning dew than a sparrow bred in a town cellar. But our true youth glows with these nobler emotions, and should do all it can to retain them.

In the real battle of life, which is not a mere battle for meat and drink and raiment and money, but supremely a struggle for truth and worth, there is nothing will help us so much as an untainted soul which has not been weakened by worldly compromises or base indulgences. No one stands on so clear a vantage-ground as the man who has been faithful always to his better instincts,—who has kept the dews of his youth. How weak we feel after any failure of moral purpose! As our tone is lowered, our power of resistance is enfeebled. As life loses its

first gloss to us, we grow more careless as to how we use it. When the dew is once gone, we care little about the dust. It were well, therefore, for us to cleave to the faiths and hopes and nobler impulses of youth, for they will be strength to us in the day of trial; and starting from this point we may well hope to attain, more easily and more fully, the mark and prize of our high calling, as we have not cumbered ourselves by that which heavily weights so many. Repenting, sorrowing, battling to get out of the wrong with which we have entangled ourselves, may be a noble spectacle, and the man who fights that good fight is worthy of all honor. Yet he might have saved himself a good deal of it at least, and might have glided smoothly into the same untroubled rest, or even perchance attained to a yet higher life, had he brought the dews of his youth to Christ, and learnt how the Gospel lifts up our being into the fellowship of God. Jesus never parted with them, but as he grew in stature, he grew also in favor with God and man. He never lowered his ideal, never compromised with the world, never lost his faith in truth or his hope of men; and we shall never rise so high as by walking steadfastly in his steps, and giving to God, as he did, the bright dews of our youth.

THE OLD CUIRASSIER: AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

AS I sauntered one bright morning along the Champs Elysées with my friend Dr. V—, asking questions suggested by the effects of cannon upon the walls, and the plowed appearance produced by mitrailleuse upon the streets, indeed the whole history of the siege of Paris,—a little before coming to the round point of the Star, my friend stopped, and pointing to one of the large corner houses so pompously grouped around the Arch of Triumph, said:

"Do you see those four large closed windows high up on the balcony? I will tell a little story connected with that room," which I shall give in his own language:

In the first days of the month of August, that terrible month of August, last year, so heavy with storms and disasters, I was called there to a case of apoplexy. It was the home of Colonel Juvé, a cuirassier of the first empire, an old man infatuated and filled with ideas of glory and patriotism, who, at the commencement of the war, had come to Paris, and taken lodgings on the Champs Elysées, for the express purpose, he said, of seeing and assisting at the triumphal entrance of our troops. Poor man! the news from Wissenbourg reached him just as he arose from table one morning, and reading the name of Napoleon at the bottom of the bul-

letin of defeat, he was completely overcome and struck down by apoplexy.

I found the old cuirassier lying upon the floor of his chamber, with flushed face and unconscious as if he had received a severe blow upon the head. Standing, he was a man of large and splendid physique; prostrate, his proportions were those of a giant. With fine, handsome features, superb teeth, a beautiful head of white, curling hair, at eighty years of age he seemed to be about sixty. By his side knelt his little granddaughter, weeping bitterly. She resembled him very much. Seeing one beside the other was like looking upon two beautiful Greek medallions from the same impression, save that one was antique, slightly discolored, and not perfect in contour; the other resplendent, lovely in detail, and with all the velvet softness and brilliancy of the first impression.

The grief of this poor child touched me greatly. Daughter and granddaughter of a soldier,—her father being an officer upon MacMahon's staff,—the sight of this grand old man stretched motionless upon the floor called up another image to her no less sorrowful. I reassured her as best I could, but at heart I felt that there was little hope for the old soldier. We had to contend with a perfect hemiplegia, from which, at eighty years of age, one seldom recovers. For three days the sick man remained in a state of immobility and stupor. Meanwhile the news from Reichschoffen came to Paris; you will probably recall after what singular fashion the reports were first brought.

Until evening we believed ourselves to have gained a great victory—that twenty thousand Prussians were killed, and the Prince Royal taken prisoner. I know not by what miracle, what magnetic current, an echo of the national joy reached our poor deaf mute invalid; but that evening when I approached his bed, I did not find the same man. The eye was clear, speechless, heavy; he had strength to smile, and with great difficulty twice articulated "Vic-to-rie!" "Vic-to-rie!" "Yes, Colonel," I said, "a great victory." And as I gave him somewhat in detail an account of the brilliant

success of MacMahon, I saw his features relax, his eyes dilate, the whole man responded with pleasure to my words. When I came out the young girl was waiting for me near the door. She was sobbing violently. "He is saved," I said, taking both her hands in mine; but the unhappy child had scarcely courage to speak. I soon, however, learned from her that they had just posted the true account of Reichschoffen. MacMahon was flying, the army was crushed and demoralized.

We looked at each other in consternation. She was thinking with despair of her father, and I trembled with fear for the old grandfather. Very certainly he could not recover from this new blow. What should we do?

"Shall we leave him to his joy, to the bright illusion that had so thoroughly revived him? To do this we must act and speak falsely perhaps for many days."

"Very well; I shall be guilty of deception then," said the heroic young girl, hastily drying her tears; and smiling radiantly, she entered her grandfather's room.

It was a hard task she had undertaken. For the first few days the old man, being feeble, took in ideas slowly, and like a child, was satisfied with all we told him; but with returning health, his ideas grew clearer, and it became so necessary to withhold from him the current news, that each day compelled us to make a new digest of the military bulletin.

'Twas beautiful and yet very pitiful to see that little girl bending night and day over the German map marking the different points with little flags, and working hard to combine every thing into a glorious campaign. Bazaine was now besieging Berlin. Froissart was in Bavaria; MacMahon upon the Baltic. In all this she sought my advice, and I aided her as much as I could, but the grandfather himself really gave us the best hints, the most useful ideas in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered the Germans so many times under the first Emperor! he knew every movement in advance. "Now they will move upon this place,—see, next you will find them here,"—of course his previsions were always realized, which

never failed to make him proud and happy. But, however rapidly we took cities and gained battles we were never fast enough to satisfy the old cuirassier. He was insatiable. Each day as I entered his room I heard of some new and remarkable feat of arms.

"Doctor, we have taken Mayence," said the young girl one morning, as she advanced to meet me with a sad smile, and I heard across the threshold a joyous voice calling out:

"All goes well, Doctor; all is well—in eight days we will enter Berlin."

At that very time the Prussians were not more than eight days from Paris. Now we debated for a while whether it were not best to take him away from the city, but outside of Paris the state of the country would soon be known to him, and he was yet too feeble, too much overwhelmed to venture the possibility of a similar attack, so we decided to remain and ward off the danger as long as possible.

The first day of the investment,—how well do I remember my own emotion. With what anguish of heart we saw the city surrounded, every door closed, the battle under our very walls, for our city limits had become the frontier. This day I found the good man seated on the side of his bed jubilant and defiant. "Well," said he, "you see the siege is actually begun."

I looked at him stupidly, not comprehending his meaning. "How, Colonel," said I; "at length you know then."

His little daughter turned toward me quickly, saying, "Why, yes, Doctor, it is glorious news,—the siege of Berlin is actually begun."

She said this very quietly as she drew her needle in and out of some dainty work she was engaged upon with an air perfectly tranquil and composed. How could he doubt any thing! He could not hear the cannon from the fort.

Unhappy Paris! overthrown and miserable—he could not see any of this—all he could perceive from his bed was a part of the front of the triumphal arch, and around him in his chamber was every conceivable

bric-a-brac of the first empire so arranged as to keep up the illusion. Portraits of the marshals, engravings of battles, the young king of Rome in baby clothes, large brackets prettily ornamented with trophies of brass and copper, holding imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a rock from St. Helena under a glass globe, several miniatures all representing the same lady, with dark, wavy hair, beautiful clear eyes, in ball costume of yellow satin. These, the ornamented brackets, the young king of Rome, the lady in satin with her short waist and broad girdle and stiff style of dress, represented the glory, beauty, and grace of 1806.

Brave old Colonel, it was this atmosphere of victory, conquest, and royalty, more than all that we could say to him that made him credit so innocently the siege of Berlin.

"After to-day," said he, "our military operations will be greatly simplified. To take Berlin is only a matter of time."

From time to time, when the old man grew weary, we read to him a letter from his son, an imaginary letter, skillfully made up, since nothing came to Paris; for after the battle of Sedan the aid-de-camp of MacMahon had been directed upon a fortress in Germany.

Picture to yourself the hopeless sorrow of that poor child, without news from her father, believing him to be a prisoner, perhaps sick, and at least deprived of every comfort, yet obliged always to make him speak cheerfully in his letters. Sometimes her strength failed altogether when they had been several weeks without news, then the old man would grow restless and could not sleep, when suddenly a letter would arrive from Germany which the brave little girl gayly read beside his bed, repressing her tears and anxiety.

The Colonel listened eagerly, smiled complacently, approved, criticised, and explained to us the passages we could not read smoothly, making every thing quite comprehensive. His character shone forth most conspicuously in the replies to his son:

"Never forget you are a Frenchman," he would say; "be very generous to those poor people,—do not make the invasion too heavy

for them." Then would follow advice in regard to the respect due to property, chivalry toward women, and the true code of military honor toward the conquered. He mingled all this with general observations upon politics, conditions of peace to be imposed upon the vanquished, etc.

Thereupon I would assure him that they would not be exacting. "The indemnity of war and nothing more. It will do no good to subdue province after province! They can not identify Germany with France!"

He dictated all this in a firm voice, and we felt so much the candor of his words and the beautiful patriotic faith that inspired them, it was impossible not to be moved in listening to him. Meanwhile, the siege steadily advanced,—but it was not that of Berlin, alas!

The weather was severely cold at this time; bombardment, epidemics, and famine were upon us; but by constant care and effort and the indefatigable tenderness that multiplied itself about him, the serenity of the old man was never disturbed for a moment. Even to the last I was enabled to obtain white bread and fresh meat. Of course there was never more than barely enough for him, and nothing can be imagined more touching than those dainty little breakfasts of the old grandfather.

The old man, innocently egotistic, always looked fresh and smiling, the white napkin carefully placed under his chin, whilst his little granddaughter, somewhat pale from the privations she had undergone, prepared his wine and arranged every thing for his comfortable enjoyment of the good things she had provided. Cheered by the repast and the comfort of his warm chamber, while the north wind whistled without, and that terrible snow storm beat against his window, the old cuirassier would recall his northern campaign, and relate to us for the hundredth time that disastrous retreat from Russia, when they had only frozen biscuit and horseflesh to eat. "Think of that, my little one, nothing but horseflesh to eat."

I know how well she could comprehend it, as for two months she had had no other meat herself to eat. Day by day, as his

convalescence progressed, our conversation became more and more difficult. The numbness of his limbs and paralysis of all his faculties, that had served us so well, began to disappear. Two or three times already the terrible sounds from the Maillot Gate reverberated about us, causing him to prick up his ears like a hound on the chase, then we invented an actual victory for Bazaine at Berlin, and that the noise of the salute at the Invalides was in honor of his triumph. One day when we had pushed his bed close to the window (it was, I think, the Thursday of Buzenval), he saw distinctly the national guards massing themselves upon the grand avenue.

"What are those troops doing there?" asked the old man. And we heard him mutter between his teeth, "a bad movement, a very bad maneuver."

It certainly was; and we understood that henceforth he must see little of what was going on outside. Unhappily we could not guard him sufficiently. One evening as I entered the house the child came to meet me trembling and anxious.

"To-morrow they enter the city," she said; "what shall we do?" The old man's door was partially open, and he probably heard our words, for I recollect a very extraordinary expression on his face.

While we spoke of the Prussians, doubtless the old soldier thought only of the French and their triumphal entry, which he had waited for so long. He pictured MacMahon descending the avenue, strewn in his honor with flowers, a great flourish of trumpets, his son beside the Marshal, and he, the old soldier of the first empire, standing upon his balcony in full dress uniform, as at Lutzen, to salute the bullet-riddled flags and the eagles black with powder.

Poor Colonel Jouvé! doubtless he imagined that we would wish to prevent his assisting in this ceremony, for he was careful to speak to no one of his intentions. The next day, just as the Prussians were advancing up the long street leading from the Maillot to the Tuileries, a window above opened softly, and the old Colonel appeared upon the balcony in helmet and sword and all the

glory of the long discarded military accoutrements of the cuirassiers of Milhaud.

I tried to comprehend what effort of will, what access of new life had thus placed him again on his feet, and given him strength to bear the harness. It certainly was he standing erect behind the balustrade, looking astonished to find the avenue silent and deserted, windows and doors all closed, and Paris like a great miserable lazar-house. Flags everywhere, but singular and strange looking, and no one going out to meet our soldiers. For one moment he may have thought himself deceived. But no; away down behind the Arch of Triumph there was a confused noise

and a black line advancing into the opening day.

Little by little the tops of helmets appeared, drums were heard under the Arch of the Star, keeping time to the heavy tread of the battalion and the clash of swords, then suddenly broke forth the triumphal march of Schubert. Then in the deathly silence of the square we heard one terrible cry, "To arms! to arms! the Prussians!" And the four Uhlans of the advanced guard might have seen, high up on the balcony, an old man extend his arms in despair, and fall prostrate upon the floor. This time the old cuirassier was dead.

TEARS.

BOTH tears and laughter are terms in a language of emotion that is wider than any speech; but the former are more universal than the latter. Many of the higher animals are known to shed tears in the extremity of their fate; while of true laughter all alike are incapable. Nay, authentic accounts of a degraded tribe of aborigines in Ceylon assure us that they can not laugh; but we have never heard that they could not weep.

The highest grandeur of contemplation does not raise human life above tears; for it is written, "Jesus wept." On the other hand, whether laughter is foreign to the profound sympathies of universal love is a question on which different views are possible. At all events, an extremely old tradition, suggestive of the primitive impression of Christians, will have it that Jesus was never known to laugh. But let not any cynical philosopher think to find in the fact that tears are more widely characteristic of life than laughter, a justification for his bitterness. For tears are not hopeless—at least where they are the expression of human feeling. Despair is almost always dry-eyed, and either fierce or outwardly apathetic, though inwardly consumed with fire. Let only a ray of hope arise, and the floodgates

of the heart are opened and the fire is drowned in tears. Besides, tears are endlessly varied in their meaning. There are tears of joy as well as of sorrow, tears of indignation, and tears of adoration. Perhaps the fundamental significance, however, is the same in all cases. It is a sense of mortal impotence which has ceased to be defiant, and may be either regretful or hopeful. It may be an impotence to master overwhelming power, or to contain measureless joy, or to neutralize intolerable wrong, or to reach unattainable perfection.

For the most part sufferers do not weep while they remain defiant. Hence strong men—at least in modern times—are ashamed to weep, because they think a defiant hardness, or at least self-constraint, more suitable to their manhood. And in the same spirit we warn growing children that they are too big to cry. The propriety of this on all trivial occasions of sorrow is not to be disputed. But it may be salutary to remember that the different manners of antiquity were not always indicative of weakness, but sometimes, at least, of a noble simplicity and frankness. Homeric heroes wept abundantly when parting with their friends or bewailing common misfortunes. But they would have been ashamed to weep for fear in battle. In

the fight they must maintain their own hardihood, and defiance suited them best. But meetings and partings, thunder-bolts, shipwrecks, and sudden death were in the hands of higher powers, before whom no mortal should be ashamed to confess his impotence; and therefore they freely wept.

So when David and Jonathan, the foremost champions of Israel's host, were forced asunder by the gloomy madness that possessed King Saul, they "wept one with another until David exceeded." They did not know when, or if ever, they should meet again. Their prospects were overshadowed by a dark destiny. And though they had the hope that springs from faith, they felt their powerlessness to avert the evil they feared, or to advance the hope to which they clung. It was the child nature in them that wept; but when they met human forces with which they could cope, such tears did not weaken their manhood.

That was a sound of far bitterer woe which was heard years afterward from the gate where David sat waiting for news of his handsome but wicked son. He was more than a valiant warrior now. He was a mighty king, who for the most part prospered whithersoever he turned. But there was one thing proved too strong for him, both in himself and in others, and that was sin. He could make his children rich, but he could not make them good. What the fault was in their education, we do not know; but if it lay in him, terribly did he suffer for it. The rebellious Absalom unmanned the courage which Goliath could not shake. And David listened to the curses of Shimei with meekness, because the fate that had overtaken him seemed supernatural in its dread. Neither the victory nor the defeat of the rebel could bring him deliverance; for the heart of the father would be transfixed if the scepter of the king was restored. Therefore he sat waiting at the gate with a suspense that vacillated only between two fears, and hardly heard the news of victory in the anguish of the hopeless question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The restored king was helpless as a babe in face of the dark fate that ruthlessly followed sin; and owning his im-

potence, he lost all thought of dignity in the agony of his wounded love. "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went thus he said, 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

It may be thought that his strange conduct when he lost the child of Bathsheba is at variance with what we have said as to the significance of tears. "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Did not David weep while he hoped to prevail? And when convinced of his hopeless impotence, did he not refrain? True; but the impotency that finds relief in weeping is not wholly hopeless. David knew that of his own strength he could do nothing to save the child, and, therefore, he wept to God. But when his grief became hopeless, he refrained himself; and his words have a touch of bitterness in them that sounds like despair rather than resignation. They who "sorrow not as those that are without hope" will weep because the weight of woe upon them is beyond their power to bear, or to overrule for good. But the very softness of heart from which tears spring is already germinant with hope of happier days. Most of all is this true of tears of penitence. Remorse is dry and fierce. "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood," said Judas Iscariot, "and he departed and went and hanged himself." But when "the Lord turned and looked" on the cowardly Peter, the latter "went out and wept bitterly." But he was saved from despair.

So there are always elements of joy in regretful or penitential tears. And all human experience bears witness to the truth that "he who goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." But it seems a strange thing at first sight that when the harvest is overwhelmingly plenteous, this again should fill the eyes

with tears. Yet so it is, because tears are the language of impotence; and sometimes there are joys too great to bear. When Joseph, in the height of his prosperity, saw his brethren come to him for help, the hope of family reunion and of a generous revenge so overwhelmed him that "he turned himself about from them and wept." And when the happy moment for revelation came he "wept aloud," so that "the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard." As we have said, men are not so demonstrative in our country and age; but mothers who have received a child snatched from sudden death know by experience that a blessing may be so great as almost to crush the heart with a sense of impotence to grasp it, that can find no relief but in tears.

And there are tears of indignation when honest anger against treachery or cruelty is baffled of all other expression. We do not wonder that Esau, for instance, should have "lifted up his voice and wept" when he found how his smooth brother had deceived a blind old father, and robbed the natural heir of his birthright. The weeping of Elisha when he gazed on Hazael and foresaw the cruelties he would perpetrate on Israel had perhaps partly a similar source. And in the meetings of last year, where the tale of Bulgarian wrongs was told, even self-contained Englishmen broke down in tears, not merely of pity, but of powerless indignation against the wrong-doers.

But perhaps the most prophetic light that

falls on human sorrow is that which brightens tears of adoration; for there is a mysterious power in any thing transcendently beautiful to bring tears into the eyes. It is not only pathetic pictures, not only moving melodies, that do this. The majesty of the Apollo Belvidere, and the incarnation of bright feminine simplicity hallowed by purity which we have in the Madonna di San Sisto, though utterly divergent in their ideal and their associations, have both this melting charm. A single star on a pearly sky, a snowdrop, a gorgeous sunset, or a grand cathedral, have the like effect upon susceptible hearts. So when some ten or twenty thousand voices join heartily and solemnly in such a hymn as the hundredth Psalm, we find that a pause of a minute to listen will disable us from taking part again, because the voice is drowned in tears. Every one will confess, who knows what the experience is, that there is an inarticulate feeling of impotence, of a nature too insignificant and shallow to hold the divine revelation of glory and joy that is trying to get itself made. Even so, ideal human beauty, the sweet harmony of color and form in flowers, luster, and simplicity as in the stars, the lordliness of a unity that masters and absorbs multiplicity as in a cathedral, all are but glimpses of that perfect law, and spotless life, and shadowless good which we call heaven. And, alas, how far is it away! "It is high; we can not attain unto it." Therefore our eyes fill with tears as our hearts are kindled with desire.

FAVORS.

YOU say I throw my gifts to the unworthy:
 So doth the Lord of Love who rules on high;
 So doth the liberal sun to all things earthy,
 To hill or plain, to palace or to sty.
 Who sells his gifts for gratitude expected
 Is but a bargaining huckster at the best:
 The sun asks nothing for his rays reflected;
 I ask for nothing—pithee let me rest!

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

METHODIST ITINERANCY.

THE meanings of words are often very widely varied by their use. Of this general fact a striking example is afforded in that set at the head of this paper. Every body knows that "itinerancy" means traveling, removing from place to place; but what the word may mean when qualified by the prefix "Methodist," none could conjecture without some knowledge of the constitution and history of the species of ecclesiasticism that is known by that name. In that relation "itinerancy" means journeying, and change of place,—perhaps always,—but only incidentally, while its fuller and broader sense must be sought in the character and methods of the body in which it abides. *Methodist Itinerancy* means the organic plan and make-up of the united Methodist ministry. It is the verbal designation of the aggregated unity of the whole number of the ministers of the associated body, making of them one great and consolidated organism, and having originally and primarily a common pastoral relation to all the local Churches of the same organization. By this arrangement the consolidation of the several local Churches is rendered much closer and more complete, and the solidarity of the body is insured. By it the pastorate of all the Churches of the denomination belongs constructively alike to all the ministers of the body, though because of the impossibility of uniting the whole in a common mass, special portions of the work are assigned to certain designated persons, to whom the pastoral watch-care of such parts is given, to the administrative exclusion of all others. The idea of changes of places of service, and with the Churches rotation of individual pastors, though historically the very soul of itinerancy, has become only incidental to the system, though perhaps a condition essential to its perpetuation and continued efficiency.

At the beginning the Methodist Itinerancy

correctly answered to the literal and historical sense of the name used. When the Wesleys began their evangelical labors they at once brought their converts together in associated bodies, or "societies," for instruction and watch-care. As the work progressed, these societies were formed in various parts of the kingdom, all alike in their simple organism, and all animated with the same spirit, but united among themselves only by their common relations to their founder. And at length, because of their greatly increased number, and the growth of the work of evangelization, it became necessary to employ laymen, both to care for the societies and also to preach. Thus there came into existence, in early Methodism, a class of lay preachers, of whom some gave all their time to their evangelistic labors, passing from place to place in their work, and therefore were known as *traveling preachers*; and others continued in their usual secular callings,—preaching only in their several neighborhoods,—and these came to be called *local preachers*. At length the body of the traveling preachers grew into a recognized order, somewhat distinct from, not only their non-preaching brethren, but also from the *local preachers*. During Mr. Wesley's life-time these were wholly subject to his direction, and it was his policy to change his preachers rather frequently. After his decease this power of working the system devolved upon the associated body of traveling preachers, and for nearly a hundred years it has been carried forward without serious interruption or considerable modification. In this country Methodism was organized on the Wesleyan model,—the episcopacy taking the place of Mr. Wesley. In both countries the whole body of the ministers form a consolidated unity, each minister sustaining a common relation to each and all of the Churches, or local societies.

This consolidation of the ministry and the

Churches each into a closely compacted organism, with a ruling community of interests and responsibilities, is the distinctive ecclesiastical feature of Methodism. In other Protestant bodies the pastorate is personal, and not aggregate, and the occupant of that office possesses it by right of his installation as specially and exclusively his own. And each Church is also a complete and separate organic unity. Each minister in those bodies is free to dispose of himself at will, to accept or decline service; and each Church is free to select its own pastor from among the ministers of its denomination, and no pastor can be set over any Church except by its own action. On the other hand the Methodist itinerancy vests its power not in the individual ministers and Churches, but in the system as an organic body with its properly ordained executive. Constructively and by the theory of the system no minister chooses his particular field of labor, and no Church selects its own pastor,—each deferring in this matter to the properly designated umpire. In many of the first named order of Churches the absolute independence of individual ministers and Churches is somewhat qualified in favor of the broader denominationalism of synods and classes, and conventions and associations; yet in no case so as to take away the primary governing authority of the individual ministers and Churches. And so also, within the range of the Methodist system, there is room allowed for the expression of preferences on either side; though the final determination of each case must be, not with them, but with the chosen umpire,—the legally ordained appointing power. Thus though the two systems may in practice seem to approximate towards each other, yet are they essentially unlike, and incapable of being combined.

And as these two systems are fundamentally unlike, it is quite rational to presume that each may have its own advantages, of which the other is destitute; but if so, it must also appear that these special advantages of the one may be wholly impossible to the other, and therefore to seek to unite all the advantages of both upon one or the other would be simply absurd. In Methodism the idea of a comprehensive and closely compacted unity prevails and dominates the whole system, allowing to individual ministers and Churches only so much personal freedom as may be

compatible with the general welfare. In other denominations the local Churches and the ministers individually stand foremost, and only so much is given up to the organic body as may seem consistent with such local and personal freedom. And yet it is quite possible that there shall be as much real liberty under the former system as under the latter, since the best interest of the most thoroughly organized system requires the fullest possible development and exercise of personal freedom; and on the other hand, the necessary modicum of power in less closely compacted bodies may be enlarged into such monstrous proportions as to constitute the worst kind of ecclesiastical tyranny. The greatest advantage of the more closely compacted system is its power of ready adaptation and of effective action in any given direction, and especially in its ability to bring a combined force to operate in any desirable direction. And since it may be presumed that Christian ministers and Churches while seeking, above all things, to do right and to glorify God, will sufficiently guard their own liberties, the danger of the abridgement of freedom is not very formidable.

In Methodism the individual minister is always a subject of less interest than the associated body of ministers, and the local Church is less to be considered and cared for than the whole denomination. Because no one minister belongs to any particular Church, nor remains continuously in the same, Churches and congregations are not gathered about some one man, nor do they become assimilated to the mind and character of any particular individual. If by this process there is a loss of that kind of personal influence which comes from the long continued contact of the same minds producing an assimilation of each to the other, and enabling the stronger to fashion and control the weaker, there is also the compensation of a wider diffusion of influences and of greater homogeneity throughout the whole body. In such organizations as are the chief Methodist bodies of both Great Britain and America the tendency of power is towards the organism rather than the individuals, and this may sometimes require the sacrifice of personal or local advantages. Left to dispose of themselves, the more acceptable ministers and the more wealthy Churches will certainly come together, so de-

prising less opulent Churches of the services of the ministers most sought after, and the less popular ministers of their proportionate share of the better Churches. Against this tendency to favor the few (ministers or Churches) at the expense of the many, and of the aggregate whole, the itinerant system stands directly opposed. When Bishop Asbury said in respect to the tendency of ministers and Churches to favor themselves, that "local men have local views," he touched upon the precise point of conflict with which an itinerant ministry has always to deal. Individual preferences naturally resist changes of places and pastoral relations, and wherever there are local, and therefore partial views, which will probably be incorrect as to the relative importance of some one place or department of work, as compared with the great whole, the general interest must give way for the personal and local.

No doubt such changes do operate against the growth of towering local reputations in some ministers, and it can not be expected that with a not unfrequent change of pastors such vast local Churches will be built up and maintained as are found clustering around certain pulpit celebrities. But in considering the relative value of one or the other system of ministerial supply it must be remembered that each one has its own advantages, and that for the most part those of the one are quite unavailable to the other. Ecclesiastical independence pure and simple is practically impossible, and in every organized denomination, there are limits set to the autonomy of Churches and ministers in their mutual relations. There is also a recognition of the duty of ministers and Churches to care for others of their own body as well as for themselves. There must be a supply of ministers for the Churches, as from time to time changes occur, and after men have given themselves to the ministerial work, there is need that they should find employment in that calling. An effective system of ministerial supply by which pastors and Churches may be brought together is a matter of the very first importance in all denominational action. And here it will not be denied that the Methodist system is incomparably more effective than any other. Because the whole field of the denomination is to be supplied anew at each conference session, and each minister must have a designated field of labor,

and if the distribution shall be well and wisely made by a judicious and disinterested third party, there is ground to believe that it will be better done than it would be by the parties themselves.

There is reason to think that the value of this consideration has not been duly appreciated, since not many of those who only by such a method could find places, are aware of their dependence upon it, and the more popular or self-reliant are apt to conclude that but for the restraints of the system they might have been much more famous, and perhaps useful too, than they are. And yet it may be presumed that by this method many a minister who would have utterly failed in his calling if left to himself, has done good work for the Master, and served his generation to good purpose; and the ablest and most popular though failing of the great local reputation and social influence of some others in some particular place, has really exercised a larger influence for good by reason of his changes of place. In respect to the effectiveness of the itinerant system of ministerial supply there is scarcely any room for doubt; and it is only less certain that what it does so effectively it also does well, if carried into practice agreeably to its spirit.

The difference between what is known as an itinerant ministry and a settled one is not in the fact of frequent removals, but rather, that in the former (1) the united body of ministers form a conjoint pastorate of all the Churches of the united body, and (2) that all are movable, at brief intervals, by a preordained umpire, and must be removed after a determinate term of service,—while in the latter the term of service is indefinite, and terminable at the pleasure of either party. Now it may very naturally happen that under the former plan the average time of each minister in his particular pastorate may exceed that of those serving under the former,—since in the former case no minister remains at the same Church less than one year, and usually the whole time allowed, three years,—while in the latter changes may occur after a few weeks or months, and facts show that the average term of pastorates in Churches served by a settled ministry is less than three years. An itinerant ministry is changeable at given intervals, and must change at the end of a defined term; but dur-

ing incumbency it has a degree of permanence that can not exist under the "tenant at will" arrangements of the opposite system, and since changes of pastoral arrangements are inevitable, it is better that they should occur normally, and according to a fixed law, than that they should be left to be brought about by dissensions and contests,—and by the triumph of one party over another, in the same Church.

Permanency in the pastoral relation has its advantages in some cases; but it is quite as likely to have its disadvantages,—and often the removal of a minister serves to heal the breach that others have made. Some ministers may do their best work by remaining through a long succession of years in the same place; a much larger number will find their efficiency increased by occasional and not remote changes. A moderate degree of newness is an element of power in a minister, especially for awakening attention and making lively impressions; and many an able minister who has become commonplace and humdrum to the congregation that has grown up under his ministrations, and whose words and tones and manners have all become unimpressive by reason of familiarity, would prove a power and an inspiration in a new place. Mr. Wesley said in respect to this matter, that he should lay any congregation to sleep by preaching to them from year to year; and if so in his case, how much more so in that of an average minister. The inspiration to the hearers caused by a new voice in the pulpit, is duplicated to the preacher by the sight of a congregation of new faces looking up into his own, and silently, but expectantly asking for the Word of life. The homely proverb, that change of pastures make fat sheep, is not out of place in this case. It is very seldom that any one mind can minister to all the demands of any other; and much more, it can not be expected that a single mind can meet the requirements of a whole promiscuous congregation. Even where both parties to the arrangement may be satisfied with it, there may still be good and sufficient reason why a change should be made. The practical adage, "like priest like people," may indicate the growth and induration of what is undesirable, quite as probably as the opposite,—and no doubt many a Church and congregation has been saved from

evils that were coming upon them unawares, by the removal from them of the teacher that they desired.

A system of ministerial services which gives to the pastor only a yearly lease, and with but one or two renewals possible, lays upon him the necessity, on entering upon his new charge, to lose no time in beginning to do something. He comes not to settle down into a long and slow siege, expected to effect a breach after long waiting, but rather to make an assault at once, and to win spoils from the enemy in the first onset. Quick results are the only ones possible in such cases, and it is by efforts aimed at these that the work of evangelization must be done. Simply to "hold the fort" is not sufficient; the Christian ministry must be every-where aggressive, in its organization and in its practical workings, and to this mode of action the itinerant method has a direct and strong tendency.

Whether desirable or otherwise, a thorough and compact denominationalism—the strengthening of the connectionalism of the body—has always been considered a matter of the very first interest in Methodism. This may, indeed, be abused and employed as an instrument of tyranny, or it may become an occasion of churchly pride; but nevertheless it must be conceded that a good degree of organic solidarity, cemented by a spirit of Church loyalty and animated by a pervading zeal for the great interests for which Churches exist, is something good and desirable; and for the promotion of that purpose no other order of things can be so effective as an itinerant ministry united in a single body and circulating by mutual exchanges through the whole denomination. This must tend most powerfully to promote uniformity of doctrines and of modes of administration, and to diffuse a common spirit through the whole. By this agency a common Church literature is made possible, and those wider interests of the denomination which belong to the whole, and not to any particular Church or minister, are the better cared for. And especially is such a system the best possible adapted to that form of evangelistic work which constantly reaches out to call and to redeem those that are without the Gospel.

As an element in Methodist Church-life the itinerancy is omnipresent and every-where effective, in organic or ecclesiastical Method-

ism. There was a time when Methodism (so called and clearly recognized as a fact), existed as a living and quickening spirit, but without any body properly its own. It became embodied, at length, in Wesley's "United Societies," out of which in due time grew up a complete ecclesiastical system, with the itinerant principle as a chief and distinctive characteristic; and in this form it has continued to extend itself on both sides of the sea. The unity of British and American Methodism is evident, and universally confessed, because both alike have the living spirit and all the essential elements in their outward forms. And yet in some things the two systems differ, the one from the other, yet not so as to mar their essential unity. On both alike the itinerant plan of ministerial designations of each man to his proper field of labors is maintained, at least in theory; and as by this particular feature the identity of the Methodisms of the two hemispheres is demonstrated, so by the same sign they are clearly and sharply contradistinguished from others.

But while both bodies alike hold fast to the principles and practices of the itinerancy, they differ very considerably in respect to their methods of administering the system. Ever since the death of Mr. Wesley, the Methodists of Great Britain have performed that most delicate and highly important duty required by the itinerant system,—the designation of each man to his particular field of labor,—by a committee of ministers selected, from time to time, for that purpose. In this country, however, that duty is devolved upon the Episcopacy, a body of men holding their places by a virtually life-long tenure, and only very remotely responsible to those upon whom they exercise the functions of their office. Of the relative advantages of these two methods, or the preferableness of the one over the other, we say nothing; our purpose is simply to show that the existence and the practical workings of the itinerancy do not depend upon the form of administering the system. To inquire in respect to the comparative effectiveness, inexpensiveness, and simplicity of these diverse methods, might, in the proper place, be quite legitimate, and perhaps not without its utility; but at this point we have simply to show that this fundamental element in organic Methodism lies deeper down in the system than any

of its specific forms of administration. All these may be changed,—British Methodism may become Episcopal in form, and American Methodism may remand its administration back into a practical Presbyterian parity of its ministers, without disturbing the itinerancy,—and while that is maintained in its integrity, the identity of Methodism with its former self will continue.

But all that we have here written proceeds upon the idea of an itinerancy that shall be in fact and in its practical workings what it is in theory. And since it is quite possible that we may have an itinerancy in name, and in some of its forms, while by frequent and flagrant violations of its spirit, it may become of no value, it behooves all who are in any way charged with these interests, to carefully avoid even the least violation of the ruling principles of the system, and to this the attention of all concerned should be directed with the utmost carefulness. The itinerancy everywhere subordinates the individual to the system, and this rule of action must apply to the highest as well, and as rigidly as to the lowest. No official position, no special talents or tastes, no personal or family eminence must be permitted so to come into the account as to interfere with or seriously modify the free working of the system. Favoritism in such a system can not fail to be fatally destructive, not only of its spirit but of its very being also. It can exist and be perpetuated only by continuing to command the confidence of those who subject themselves to its regulations. But if at any time there should come to be among these a prevailing distrust of the administration, as if, whether from fear or favor, and simply for lack of power to do what right and the highest expediency may demand, the days of the system's usefulness will then have been already numbered. It now lives, and performs its most excellent work, because they who bear its burthens believe that it is an agency of unequalled effectiveness in the work of the Gospel, and that there is fair play in its practical workings. Let this confidence be shaken, and the whole system will fall; and with its overthrow, the fair fabric of organic Methodism must tumble into ruin. Here, no doubt, is our danger; but this line of thought our present limits will not allow us to pursue. At another time it may be possible to consider it.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EGYPT.

A GAMBLING HELL IN CAIRO.—When the Germans had conquered the French at Sedan, on their own soil, they next undertook the task of wrestling with those who had taken possession of Baden-Baden, and for years had there sustained the most open and notorious gambling hell of Europe. It took the German Government more time to drive out the French gamblers from the most beautiful and desirable watering place in Germany than it did to conquer the French army; but they did it at last, and since that time Baden-Baden has become a much more agreeable and select Summer resort.

Since that period the gamblers have turned tramps, knocking at the doors of nearly all the governments in Europe for the privilege of setting up their green tables and inviting dupes to indulge in a game of tails you lose, heads I win. But they every-where met a cold shoulder, though there was a strong desire to harbor them in France for the profit they might bring to certain localities. In disgust at this want of appreciation at civilized courts, they shook the dust from their feet and determined to make a raid on Egypt. For more than a year the notorious Dupressoir has been pleading with the Khedive to start a so-called bank in Cairo. But notwithstanding his most tempting propositions and attractive plans the Khedive held out against him, it is said, from reasons of public morality. Dupressoir, however, came a second time a few months ago, and it is now said that he has gained his end; not that the basis of public morality has been changed in the meanwhile, but that the Khedive is greatly in want of money and thinks he sees a golden fleece in the simpletons that will come to his capital to be shorn. The prince of French gamblers has obtained a concession for thirty years, which authorizes him to open a bank in Cairo, and obligates him in return to sustain the two theaters, Italian Opera and French Comedy, and to establish a grand hippodrome. And in addition to this he is to pay the Government, in the course of the next three years, the sum of five millions of francs. As a site for his operations

the use of the famous Esbekieh Gardens has been granted to him, in which he is to build a magnificent gambling house like that in Baden, and finish a monster hotel, of which only the wing is now constructed; and in addition to this the hotels and baths of Helnan are also passed over to him. The financial pressure was on the eve of killing the Cairo theater, and this move will revive it; and many other public enterprises of the Khedive's capital are suffering, and now look for reanimation through this means; therefore the enterprise is popular with the people generally. The secret at the back of this is the desire to make Cairo a Winter resort, in rivalry with such retreats as Nice and Mentone, on the Mediterranean coast, and if this can be done, Cairo may look for a large influx of wealthy strangers, that will bring material resources to the city, and give it the character of a capital, which it is now rapidly assuming.

Like the Chinese, the natives have a great passion for gambling, which now finds vent in multitudes of secret resorts that the Government can not easily reach, and which are a constant trial and embarrassment to the police. The project now is to concentrate this passion for play into one grand and attractive institution that can be guarded by the public authorities, and made to serve the public necessities of a great city. This can be made to look quite plausible, and does look so to many who say that it is much better to license, and thus control public houses for all sorts of evil than to let them run wild and irresponsible. In this argument the moral side of the question is of course entirely lost sight of, and the material one steps into the foreground. And the great value of this material question may be seen from the fact that the contractors agree to pay such enormous sums for the privilege of stripping the victims that sit at their boards. One would think that this fact alone would be so patent as to drive sensible people from their tables; but it has not been so in the past and will not be so in the future. In a material sense Cairo will doubtless be the gainer, but for how long it would be hard to tell.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE TURKS AS ASTRONOMERS.—The crowds of foreign observers and correspondents now tarrying at Constantinople have an opportunity to observe a good many rare things regarding their hosts, and among other matters have had a chance to see how they regard an eclipse of the moon, an incident that lately occurred to the terror of the Moslems, for we need hardly say that they look with jealous or terrified eyes at any event that eclipses the moon above or their own crescent below; for they trace in their theories an intimate relation between the two. A few weeks ago, in the early evening, the strangers in the city were surprised at suddenly hearing quite a volley of shots, that continued in irregular but increased firing. With the nervous state of affairs in Stamboul it was quite natural to suppose an incipient revolution, or the announcement of the outbreak of war, or of some other of the thousand catastrophes to which the Turkish population in its sensitive state has been so long exposed. It might indeed be the beginning of the long predicted Christian massacre. But the streets were comparatively quiet, the wandering peddlers were shouting out their wares, and the organ-grinders dealing out their tunes. The only exceptional excitement was the more than usually noisy vociferations of the Muezzins from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer with all the energy of their lungs. The entire uproar was confined to the matter of an eclipse of the moon, at which celestial body the faithful were engaged in firing with gun and pistol, with the praiseworthy intent of hitting the lion that they imagined was on the point of devouring the fair luminary. With this explanation of the significance of an eclipse of the moon to a Moslem, it was no wonder that the Muezzins were so emphatic in their cries. The moon is worshiped by them as their protecting star, and therefore they adopt it as their emblem for temple and flag. Its redness during an eclipse they interpret into some impending danger for themselves, and look upon it especially as indicating the shedding of blood, and therefore their fear and sadness. But on the contrary, they are said to enjoy an eclipse of the sun, and have a jolly time over it, because in their belief it indicates disaster for the Giaour. While we are on this

interesting theme of the Turk's notions in regard to the heavenly bodies, it may not be amiss to observe that according to popular belief the earth rests on the back of an immense ox, and that when the beast shakes himself earthquakes are the consequence. The ulterior question as to the foundation that supports the ox they decline to discuss, as not even the prophet deigned to give any information in that regard. Indeed the Turk is, constitutionally, averse to any polemics about such subjects. His regular reply is: "*Allah knows!*"

A HOLY WAR.—The Shiek ul Islam gave the leader of the present pilgrimage to Mecca instructions to proclaim in all the cities through which he passed a holy war against the infidels of Russia, which herself persecutes the Christians and is intent upon driving the Moslems from Europe. This means a bloody and destructive war, similar to those fought by the earlier Caliphs, who gave their foes the choice between accepting Mohammed or perishing by the sword. The rage of Turkish imbecility will probably not avail.

SWITZERLAND.

THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.—The Swiss were for a time quite disheartened in regard to the matter of the French Exposition, and it was a little doubtful whether they would feel justified in going to the expense required to take part in it. But the question has now been settled by the action of the National Council. Contrary to expectation there was scarcely any debate. A Commission had been ordered to examine the matter and report, and this report was quite favorable, recommending a large credit for that purpose. There was granted even a larger sum than that asked for by the Commission. That body reported that the advantages to be gained by sharing in the Exposition were not very patent, and that the present condition of Swiss industry is by no means brilliant, and also that the result in Philadelphia was no very favorable one for them; but they took the position that they could not afford to retire from the contest in France next year because this would be regarded as a confession that they are beaten, which they are not willing to grant. Another drawback that affected their action for a while was the doubt about the renewal of the reci-

procuity treaty on the part of France; for this seemed doubtful for a time. But the French Government has virtually declared that nothing will occur to affect the most favorable commercial relations for Switzerland. This assurance turned the scale all on one side, and the conclusion to come to France became practically unanimous. The Swiss are working away also quite courageously at the famous tunnel of St. Gothard,—every week they seem to succeed in making a deeper bore than the one preceding; so that they have high hopes of soon seeing their country the great channel of intercourse between Germany and Italy. During the Winter just closed the amount of snow on the Swiss passes was remarkably small—less than for many years—so that early in March they began to cross the mountain as if it were May. But this exceptional case lasted only a few days. On the 19th of March they had the heaviest fall of the season, and the passage was completely blocked to all intercourse, as was indeed the case with all the passes from Switzerland into Italy. On places that had been free from snow all Winter they soon had six, eight, or ten feet of this obstruction to their progress. This developed the immense advantage to travel and commerce of a subterranean tunnel that will be free from all contingencies of the elements, Winter and Summer. Free intercourse through the mountains and not over them is what Switzerland needs to keep pace with the age; and these secured, in addition to the railroads built and projected, will, it is hoped, be the means of saving her from threatened disaster.

ROME.

THE WAR AGAINST THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The Romish Curia are extremely active in holding Consistory after Consistory in their crusade against the Nineteenth Century. On the whole, the fears entertained at the death of Antonelli and Patrizi have been confirmed. The Papal Government has fallen into the hands of the most conservative and angry element, and one hears now of nothing but philippics hurled at Italy, and violent appeals made to the whole Catholic world to rise in rebellion against the civil powers that interfere in any way with the most extreme Papal demands. The Vatican is clearly bankrupt in

its political prospects, and now has no regard for any relations of humanity or policy with the civil powers. It is rule or ruin; and as the former is impossible, the latter is the programme. In this spirit the most unfit, if not the most unworthy men, are placed in the highest positions, and the platform is to stir up the Catholic world in every possible manner to crusade and revolution. It would almost seem as if the Papal authority now hoped to be able to stir up certain parts of Southern Italy into violent insurrection, indulging the phantasy that the people there and in Spain are ready to inaugurate a restoration of the Bourbons. This measure is to take its first shape in Sicily, and then to proceed to Rome to drive out Victor Emanuel at the cannon's mouth. As a part of this plan to restore the prestige and the temporal power of the Pope, are the monster pilgrimages now starting from all quarters of the world to gather in Rome in May in view of the Papal Jubilee, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his accession to the bishopric. These pilgrims go ostensibly to lay their homage and their gifts at the feet of His Holiness, and these gifts will doubtless be very largely in treasure, with which the Holy Pontiff may wage war against his Italian oppressors. To most of us this enterprise would seem to be a sort of Quixotic battle against the windmills, but to many who are behind the scenes there is a stern reality in it,—largely because of the man to whom the plot will be intrusted. The appointment of Monsignore Czacki to the post of Secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Clerical Affairs, has a very suspicious look about it. The man who holds this position is the most influential individual between all diplomatists and the Pope, and thus has a very delicate and important post. But those who know him declare that in early life he was a Polish revolutionist, and is ready to be one again in another field. As counterpart to these fears, it is remarkable to notice the contempt of the entire Italian press toward the last Allocution. The most of the journals have done little more than merely to acknowledge its arrival, without the least pains to notice its position. The Papal organ—the *Osservatore*—issued an extra containing it, and was quietly allowed to sell it without the least interference on the part of the police.

ART.

A BUREAU OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

"THE Church Extension Annual" for 1876, is a publication which does honor to the managers and officers of that Society, and furnishes material for careful study by the members of the entire Methodist Episcopal Church. In addition to the Report of the Board, and much information concerning the progress of the work during the year, etc., about twenty-five pages are occupied with designs, plans, lithographic plates of churches, etc.—matters directly practical, and of immense importance not only to the more destitute regions standing in need of inexpensive meeting-houses, but to the more wealthy societies which may contemplate the erection of more pretentious edifices. This feature of the "Annual" can not be too highly prized. The commendatory resolutions adopted by the last General Conference were richly deserved. Specially is the third of interest and of rich artistic promise: "That we approve and commend the efforts of the Board to secure improvement in our church architecture, and especially the publication, in the 'Annual,' of plans and descriptions, and the preparation of lithographic plans, with printed specifications, for the cheaper class of churches, and we recommend that these efforts be continued and enlarged as the experience of the Board may justify, etc." We wish to quote for most hearty approval a remark found under the head of "The Need of Plans:" "We have long been persuaded that no church better than one of the old-fashioned log churches of the frontier should ever be built without first procuring plans showing in detail how all the work is to be done, from foundation to turret, so that the end may be clearly seen from the beginning. Such plans can be prepared only by a competent architect, and, if possible, one should be found who has experience in church building, and who knows something of the special wants of the Methodist Church and of a well-organized Sunday-school, and is familiar with all modern improvements in providing for them."

This certainly has the right ring in it. We fear, however, that the Methodist Episcopal Church will be too conservative in this matter

of church architecture and ecclesiastical ornamentation. If economy and a wise planning are necessary in the more narrow territory of Church extension, surely the subject assumes immense importance as applied to the vastly broader field of church improvement, including new edifices and the alteration and repairs of the old. The amounts of money worse than squandered in the hap-hazard or ignorant attempts of church committees, and even pastors, to plan and erect churches, are simply enormous. Could agreeable and educating effects be realized by these expenditures one might be less dissatisfied; but too often the results are such as to offend every æsthetic sentiment. What is the remedy for this acknowledged evil?

During the General Conference of 1872 we tried to bring to the attention of that body the question of the establishment of a "Bureau of Church Architecture" for the Methodist Episcopal Church. The reasons then urged were the same as the managers of the Church Extension Society recognize as applying to the narrower field of their own supervision.

1. *As a financial investment we believe it would prove a great success.* To sustain such Bureau with honor to ourselves, and as a general blessing to the Church, its manager should be one of the best bred and cultivated architects of the land, whose skill and architectural knowledge would challenge the immediate confidence of the general Methodist public. Such manager would command a generous salary, and the needed corps of assistants would require a very considerable sum for their support. The chief and his assistants could, however, as we believe, be handsomely supported by the percentages charged. The fees of architects for plans and specifications, including elevations, etc., vary from two to five per cent of the cost of edifices. We believe that in a short time a charge of from one to one and one-half per cent would render such Bureau self-sustaining. But this would be the smallest saving to Churches. From somewhat careful examinations it is estimated that from ten to twenty per cent of the present cost of churches might be saved. If this sum

thus saved could be turned into other channels of Church benevolence, how vast the results!

2. *It would secure immensely better economic and artistic results.* Few who are not professionals can, in advance, know the effects of what is believed to be a wise and carefully studied plan. To construct a church edifice by the power of the imagination, and know beforehand the exact appearance it will present, belongs to the experienced artisan. Hence the frequent disappointment felt by church committees and members of congregations at the results of liberal expenditure of their money. But recommendations from a "Bureau of Church Architecture," coming as they would from men of wide knowledge of the theory, principles, and practice of architecture, would be received with confidence and seldom bring those effects so truly disappointing.

3. *A truly Church Methodist architecture would thus be developed.* We do not say that a new style, in the technical sense, would be originated, but we do believe that a church building more fully in accord with the theory of Methodist Church work would be the result of such bureaucratic supervision and study. That each denomination of Christians requires a building of special adaptations needs no argument to prove. It is evident on a moment's reflection. The Romish Church recognizes the office of the priesthood, and a real sacrifice made at every celebration of the mass; hence the wide distinction between laity and clergy; hence, too, theirs is a true altar, at which only the chosen and consecrated can minister. Hence the distinctive arrangement of the altar, chancel, etc. Their peculiar modes of worship demand a peculiar music; hence the organ must be constructed in accord with this demand. The organ-makers have what they call "Catholic" stops, designed to produce those imposing effects so often sought in the Romish service. The Presbyterian Church, where in the Eucharist the communicants receive the elements while in sitting posture, can dispense with altar-rail, etc. The Baptists, who can not seek the native Jordans, must manufacture their own in the form of a baptismal pool. So the Methodist Church building must be adapted to its peculiar means and modes of work. The class-room is an indispensable requisite; the prayer-room must be arranged for kneelers and for seekers; the Sunday-school

room must be ample and practical in its structure, the ornamentation must be chaste and instructive.

We can not but believe that the results of the establishment of such Bureau of Architecture would be beneficial and stimulating in all branches of Church effort.

ART IN OUR THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

APROPOS to this discussion is the question of the introduction of art into the curriculum of the Theological Seminary. We believe that the curriculum of our average theological school is incomplete. Exegesis is studied quite thoroughly. This is indispensable, since the Word of the Lord must be our chiefest hope and our strong weapon of offense and defense. We dwell upon Church history. Less ought not to be done in this department, by which is obtained a deeper insight into the scheme and development of God's government. Systematic theology receives most properly its share of attention, since without this the Christian system lacks firmness and consistency. We trace the growth and transitions of dogma, otherwise we can know little of religious tendencies; otherwise we hardly know whether the noise and din of war around us are mere agitation or mark a real progress toward the goal of the restoration of man to the image of God. We dwell upon practical theology—studying the best methods of utilizing forces and the means of bringing men nearer God and realizing a perfected manhood. All our theological schools devote attention to sacred rhetoric and oratory. We want more rather than less of this, since it is the living preacher, by his persuasive utterances, who is to win this world to truth. Still has the man been fully rounded out and fitted for his best work by these methods and subjects of study? Has not the æsthetic culture been very imperfectly cared for? No preacher, we believe, should bear the diploma of a theological seminary without a thorough education in the principles and execution of music. Sacred poetry wedded to sacred music has ever been the means used by the Methodist Church to fire and inspire the hearts of the members of its communion; and all the Churches are to a greater degree than perhaps ever before learning and using the wonderful power of this combination. Yet the tendencies now noticed are dangerous

and degrading. On account of this too general neglect of the religious æsthetic training of the ministry, merest doggerel has often supplanted the sublimest poetry, and music born of the lowest earthly passion and desire has usurped the sanctuary. Hence, too, the choirs of our churches render words truly expressive of Christian praise and Christian devotion by music extracted from operas, where the character and sentiment are most vulgar and sensual. Right here it is that the preacher, who has had his æsthetic nature trained and cultured equally with his logical faculty, can kindly and sweetly come to the help of his congregation, and educate them to better things.

Again. Until a "Bureau of Church Architecture" can be established, the theological student of the Methodist Episcopal Church should be thoroughly instructed in church architecture. In our present stage of history our ministers must be intimately associated with all church building enterprises. In rural districts and in smaller towns the preacher must often be consulting architect, decorator and all. Is it urged that it is folly for the minister to attempt the oversight and direction of such work; and would it be advisable to consult professional architects? Doubtless this is true in many instances. Yet any one, of any considerable range of experience and observation, must know that too often professional architects study styles irrespective of special adaptations. Until a class of Methodist architects, fully appreciating the demands of our peculiar system, can supply our wants, the preacher himself, who is supposed fully to understand the needs of his people, must be so educated in the theological school as to be able to furnish wise suggestions to building committees, and guard his people against the expensive, unmeaning, and too often repulsive decoration found inside our church edifices. If it be urged that there is now a tendency to excess and extravagance in church architecture, it is against just this tendency that the trained minister can guard. Wisely and intelligently to discriminate between chaste beauty and gaudy excess; between true art and unmeaning finery; between an educating and refining decoration and mere glare of coloring, would save the Church a vast expenditure of money, and furnish to the worshiper "a joy forever." This æsthetic ed-

ucation of the theological student, upon which we have insisted, would aid the cultured pastor in all his work. It would assist him to place upon the walls of the parsonage appropriate engravings or paintings, to give the home an air of real taste, and thus would the parishioners be insensibly educated to better things. That profound utterance of one of the philosophers, that "it is the *feeling* that gets nearest the real side of things, and the intenser our feeling so much the more is reality present to us," finds a hearty acceptance in Methodist theology, and especially prepares that Church for leadership in high ecclesiastical art. We can see most urgent reasons, therefore, for thoroughly incorporating the aforementioned studies into the regular curriculum of our theological seminaries.

OFFENBACH.

OFFENBACH, who came to America to fulfill a musical engagement on the occasion of our Centennial, has made a collection of his observations and experiences while on our shores under the title: "*Notes d'un Musicien en Voyage.*" The book is, for the most part, an easy, light, and pleasant statement, made in a simple, childish manner, with an occasional flash of wit, and more than an occasional spice of vanity. Two or three observations of this great orchestral leader on art in America are well worthy of attention: "America is to-day like a giant a hundred cubits high, who has reached physical perfection, but wants one thing—a soul. The soul of nations is art—the expression of thought in its most elevated form." In answer to the question, How can this need be supplied? he says: "You have all necessary means. Let your municipalities undertake the work by the subvention of conservatories and the establishment of museums, as they do in France. If they will not, form private societies to the same end. . . . Form conservatories in the principal cities under the best European teachers, establish academies of painting and sculpture, and then let them work on for twenty years before you look for any substantial return. . . . What are twenty years? Twenty years to make your scholars into masters, twenty years to free you from dependence on European art, or ten years to make the Old World come to you for artists, as now you go to them?"

NATURE.

MAN AND AIR.—We want air mainly to nourish us and keep us cool. The quantity of air inhaled and exhaled by an adult in twenty-four hours amounts, on an average, to about 360 cubic feet, or 2,000 gallons. What we take in in the shape of solid and liquid food during that time occupies, on an average, the space of five and a half pints, which is equal to one-three-thousandth of the volume of air passing through our lungs, which amounts to 730,000 gallons in one year. Although water is 770 times heavier than air, our daily 2,000 gallons have a weight of twenty-five pounds avoirdupois.

ANTS.—Mr. McCook, in his investigations on the habits of *Formica rufa*, finds that ants descending the tree-paths, with abdomens swollen with honey-dew, are arrested at the foot of the trees by workers from the ant-hills. The descending ant places its mouth in contact with that of the food-seeker, the two being reared on their hind legs. Frequently two or three of its fellows are in succession fed by one ant, mostly complacently, but sometimes only by compulsion. A large number of experiments led to the conclusion that there is complete amity between the ants of an extensive field, embracing some 1,600 hills, and many millions of creatures. Insects from hills widely separated always fraternized readily. A number of ants from various hills were placed in an artificial nest, and harmoniously built galleries and jointly cared for the cocoons.

A SILK-SPINNING MOLLUSK.—There is a mollusk—the *pinna* of the Mediterranean—which has the curious power of spinning a viscid silk, which in Sicily is made into a textile fabric. The operation of the mollusk is rather like the work of a wire-drawer, the substance being first cast in a mold formed by a sort of slit in the tongue, and then drawn out as may be required. The mechanism is exceedingly curious. A considerable number of the bivalves possess what is called a *byssus*; that is, a bundle of more or less delicate filaments, issuing from the base of the foot, and by means of which the animal fixes itself to foreign bodies. It employs the foot to guide

the filaments to the proper place and glue them there. The extremity of the thread is attached by means of its adhesive quality to some stone; this done, the *pinna* receding draws out the thread through the perforation of the extensible membrane. The material, when gathered, is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened, and carded—one pound of coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which, when made into a web, is of a golden brown color. A large manufactory for this material exists in Palermo.

TOADS EAT BEES.—M. Burnet states, in *La Nature*, that going one day into his garden, just before a storm, he found the bees crowding into their hives. About a foot and a half from the best hive was a toad, which every now and then rose on his fore legs and made a sudden dart toward blades of grass. On closer inspection it was found to be devouring bees, which rested on the grass awaiting a chance to enter the hive. M. Burnet watched until twelve victims had been eaten. He expected the toad's voracity would be punished with a sting, but in vain. Objecting to further destruction, he seized the toad and carried it to a bed of cabbages, about sixty yards away, where it might do real service among the caterpillars. Three days after this, on going to the hives, he found the same toad at its old work.

ARE MOLES USEFUL?—The question is a mooted one. In some parts of Belgium attempts have been made to extirpate the moles from the soil. At a chateau, surrounded by a park adorned with fine lawns, men were employed to catch and kill the animals. After a time not one remained, and, in consequence, the hitherto beautiful grass of the lawns soon withered. The cause of the mischief proved to be a small white insect which formerly had been devoured by the moles. The proprietor was obliged to stock his place with a fresh supply of moles; after which the lawn flourished as before.

TEMPERATURE OF THE BODY.—With man the uniform temperature of his organs is one of the most essential conditions of his life. The blood of the negro, living in the torrid

zone of the equator, is always $99\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr., which is not one-fifth of a degree warmer than that of the Esquimaux, in the highest north, at the coldest time of the year. The extremes of temperature under which human life exists are 95° to 104° Fahr. in the tropics, and 57° to 84° under freezing-point in the Polar regions. There are even differences of 72° in the mean monthly temperatures of some countries, and yet the organs of man are every-where of the same temperature. The chemical processes going on in an adult person, within the space of twenty-four hours, produce about 12,000 caloric units. By caloric units natural philosophy designates that quantity of heat which is necessary to raise the temperature of one pound avoirdupois of water by one degree Fahr. By the heat produced by one person during one day about 360 gallons of water could be made warmer by nearly two degrees, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ gallons could be heated from freezing to boiling point. Under certain conditions man produces more or less heat; for instance, according to the quantity of food he takes, or the degree of muscular exertion he undergoes; such deviations from the mean amounting at times to 50 per cent of the whole quantity; but it is always the task of the body, and a strict condition for the maintenance of health, to keep the heat of the blood substantially the same, or at least within two degrees.

KEEPING CLOCKS IN UNISON.—In February the city authorities of Vienna inaugurated a novel and remarkably interesting application of pneumatic tubes for the purpose of maintaining unison and regularity in widely separated time-pieces. The inventor is the Austrian engineer and electrician, E. A. Mayrhofer, who, after vainly trying to solve the problem by means of electricity, finally hit upon the new system. From a central bureau in the city, connected with the Imperial Observatory, these pneumatic tubes extend in all directions, laid alongside the gas mains, and branching off to the public clocks. By means of a simple apparatus in the Observatory, the authorities are able to exhibit the true astronomical time on the clock dials in all parts of the city, a movement of the hands occurring once a minute. At present only the city clocks have been brought into connection with the new system; but it will soon be extended until it

embraces the time-pieces in all the schools, public institutions, hotels, etc., and in those private residences where it may be desired.

MOCK SUNS.—The *Denver News* states that after a severe snow-storm in December, the sun, next morning, rose clear, but the air was filled with particles of frost, the refraction from which caused the appearance of "mock suns," or "sun-dogs." First, extending from the sun right and left was a circle extending entirely around the heavens. Along it were the "sun-dogs" in their usual places, with extra ones in the north-west, south-east, and south-west, being directly opposite the sun. A very bright circle, like a continuous rainbow, surrounded the sun, at an angle twenty or thirty degrees from it, and crossing the horizontal circle at the most brilliant of the false suns. Another and smaller circle, and of about the same diameter, occupied the zenith. Thus there was a complete circle around the horizon, and twenty to thirty-five degrees above it two complete rainbow circles of exceeding brightness, and seven mock suns. The spectacle lasted, with changing effects, for two hours.

RAPID GROWTH.—A remarkable piece of coral, taken off the submarine cable near Port Darwin, is spoken of in a Melbourne paper. It is of the ordinary species, about five inches in height, six inches in diameter at the top, and about two inches at the base. It is perfectly formed, and the base bears the distinct impression of the cable and a few fibers of the coil-rope, used as a sheath for the telegraphic wire, still adhering to it? As the cable has been laid only four years, it is evident that this specimen must have grown to its present height in that time, which seems to prove that the growth of coral is much more rapid than has been supposed.

INFLUENCE OF COLOR OF SOIL ON POTATOES.—Having observed that potatoes grown in dark-colored soil are less subject to disease than those grown in soil of lighter color, a member of the Edinburgh Royal Society conjectured that the difference must be due to the greater absorption of heat by the darker soil. He accordingly made the following experiment: A piece of ground, consisting of a kind of blue till, was divided into two parts, both being planted with potatoes in the

ordinary way. One of the parts was then covered with soot, which had been carefully washed till no soluble matter remained in it; the other part was left as planted. The potatoes in the soot-covered portion sprouted first, and throughout were much healthier than the others. The temperature of both portions was from time to time noted, especially on sunny days, and always found to be about one degree warmer in the soot-covered portion. From this it clearly appears that potatoes grown in dark soil have a warmer climate, so to speak, than those in a light one. The tubers under the blue earth were weak,

and had a great deal of disease among them, while the other lot were nearly all healthy. Chemical examination showed the principal inorganic constituents to be present in both in about the same proportions. There was a marked difference, however, between the two in the development of the starch granules. In the potatoes grown under soot there was 22.5 per cent of starch, but in the others only 17.5 per cent. Also the granules of the good potatoes were larger than in the diseased tubers. The inference is, therefore, that increase of temperature gives a great impetus to the growth of starch-granules, both in size and number.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

BRYANT'S "DEATH OF THE FLOWERS."—Every body acquainted with American literature knows Bryant's monody on the "Death of the Flowers." Some ingenious *litterateur* has rendered it into Latin and Italian, and we quote a few lines to show how it appears in its foreign guise. The translations are commendably done. We give the first stanza only as a specimen:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of walling winds and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves
lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's
tread.

The robin and the wren have flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,

And from the tree-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day."

Here is the Latin of these lines in elegiac
verse, consisting alternately of hexameters and
pentameters:

"Ecce dies tristes, magis atrī flabra queruntur;

Sunt silvæ nudæ, prata perusta, nigra.

Turbine jam frondes bacchante, curriculo et ipso,

In nemoris peritæ valle, adeunte, fremunt.

Rex avium fugit, motacilla-rubecula, pica:

Nunc cornix [pluviam] desuper usque vocat."

In mediæval Latin dress we have it, with
rhymes, as follows:

"En omnium dies tristissimī!

Ululant flabra irata:

Sunt silvæ viduæ frondibus

Nigra, perusta prata.

Infremunt frondes, peritæ

Per silvæ scrupam vallem,

Si turbo hic bacchat, si aperit

Curriculusque hic callem.

Motacilla-rubecula,
Pica, avium rex exceat;
Jam cornix [pluviam] desuper
Vocans, lugubria gessit."

In Italian the same stanza runs thus:

I mesti dì, i più equalidi
Dell' anno ecco arrivati.
Con nude selve flebili
Venti, bruni e arsi prati.
Vizze le frondi in cumuli
Morte in boscoso fore
Stormiscon se è un turbine
Pur se il coniglio corre.
Volaron via l' eritaco
La gazza ed il lùl.
La gracchia or su dall' albero
Chiama [acqua] tutto il dì.

These translations are quite faithful to the
original, except in the last line, where the
crow is made to sit above the *stream* instead of
calling from the *tree-top*. The measure re-
quired *pluviam* rather than *arborem*.

CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES V.—The gen-
erally received belief with regard to Charles
V is that, after his abdication, he retired to a
convent, adopted the habit of a monk, and oc-
cupied himself solely with the mechanism of
clocks and watches, and at last personally re-
hearsed his own funeral. All this has been
shown by later researches to be nothing but a
tissue of errors, clearly disproved by existing
authentic documents. Charles V did not live
with the monks; he never wore the habit of
the order, and he never ceased to wield the
imperial scepter *de facto*, and to control the
affairs of the State. He had, moreover, a resi-
dence built for himself, detached from the

convent, but communicating by passages with the cloister and the church. Far from adopting an appearance of poverty or limiting his attendants to twelve in number, his household consisted of more than fifty individuals, whose annual salaries amounted to some twenty-two thousand dollars of the present day. The profusion of plate taken by the emperor to the monastery was employed generally for the wards of the establishment, and for his personal use. Courtiers were continually arriving and departing, and the emperor was almost as much immersed in public affairs in his retreat as he had been while actually on the throne. Although he had delegated the official authority, he retained the habit of command, and was emperor to the last.

MEANING OF THE WORD "EITHER."—The legal meaning of the word "either" was gravely argued in an English Court of Chancery not long ago. A certain testator left property the disposition of which was affected by the "death of either" of two persons. One lawyer insisted that "either" meant both; and in support of this view he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the story of the Crucifixion, and a passage from Revelation. The judge suggested that there was an old song in "The Beggar's Opera" which took the other view: "How happy could I be with either, were t' other dear charmer away." In pronouncing judgment, the court ruled that "either" meant one of two, and did not mean "both." It might have that meaning occasionally in poetry, but never in a Court of Chancery. The mistake which the lawyer argued for has Milton's authority in addition to those which he quoted:

"Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape,"

where it evidently means on each of the two sides. Byron seems to notice that the word does not signify "both," and yet falls into as great a blunder when he uses the word *each* in the sense of *opposite*:

"A palace and a prison on each side"—

meaning, a palace on one side and a prison on the other.

MISTAKES OF TRANSLATORS.—Monsieur H. Bouchitte, in writing the life of the German theosophist and mystic visionary, Jacob Boehmen, gives a list of his numerous works, among

which he set down as one, "Reflections on Isaiah's Boots." Now these said reflections were applied by Boehmen to a theological and controversial treatise, written by a learned divine called Isaiah Stiefel; but Stiefel, as well as being a family name, is the German word for the English *boot*, French *botte*, hence, with the help of a little blundering, came M. Bouchitte's "*Reflexions sur les Bottes d'Isaie*."

The French translator of one of Walter Scott's novels, knowing nothing of that familiar name for toasted cheese, "a Welsh rabbit," rendered it literally by "*un lapin du pays de Galles*," or a rabbit of Wales, and then told his readers, in a note, that the *lapins* or rabbits of Wales have a very superior flavor, which makes them be in great request in England.

The writer of the Neapolitan Government paper, *Il Giornale delle due Sicilie*, was more ingenious. He was translating from some English newspaper the account of a man who had killed his wife by striking her with a poker, and at the end of his story the honest journalist, with a modesty unusual in his craft, said, "*Non sappiamo per certo se questo pokero Inglese, sia uno strumento domestico o bensì chirurgico*." "We are not quite certain whether this English poker—*pokero*—be a domestic or surgical instrument."

MENDING GOLDSMITH.—We picked up a short time ago, in a second-hand book-stall, two or three school readers prepared under the superintendency of the Irish Council of Education. Turning over the pages to look at the selections made for Irish school children, we noticed a curious illustration of bathos. It seems that the Council had discovered an objectionable passage in the "Deserted Village," in the lines:

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The Educationalists could not permit any thing so shocking as "whispering lovers," and they have altered the lines for their youth thus. It stands in the school books:

"For talking age and social converse made."

Save us from such poetry menders. They have only one thing to commend them to our notice—their sublime unconsciousness of blunders. But we like Wesley's indignation at those who presumed to mend his own or his brother Charles's hymns.

KITCHEN VEGETABLES.—In England, kitchen vegetables were very scarce until the end of the sixteenth century. No salads, carrots, turnips or other succulent roots were cultivated by the inhabitants of Great Britain till the close of the reign of Henry VIII. Potatoes and yams were introduced later. Up to that time the little they had was imported from Flanders and Holland. Our ancestors in the old country had winter-cresses and water-cresses, and used a variety of the Smyrnium instead of celery, together with the rampion and the rocket. Goose-foot or pig-weed, and sprout-kales were used instead of greens, and they put the young leaves and pretty blue flowers of the borage into their tankards. They had very few fruits, and those not very good—gooseberries, currants, strawberries, apples, pears, and cherries. The latter were bad, though they were introduced from Italy and planted as early as the year 800, A. D. They resembled our wild cherry, though they were larger and more tart.

Several of our familiar kitchen vegetables seem to have been unknown to the ancients. Indeed, it is probable that they did not then exist except in a wild state, and that they are the result of subsequent cultivation and improvement. Borage, spinach and the variety

of cabbages forming solid heads, which we now possess, are never mentioned in the Classics, although they were acquainted with broccoli and curly greens. The cabbages cultivated by the Emperor Diocletian after his abdication of the throne, and those earlier tilled by the cynic Diogenes, were probably only varieties of sea-kale. Broccoli was brought from Italy to France about the end of the sixteenth century. The cauliflower was brought from the Levant into Italy about the same time, and did not reach Germany till the close of the next century. The culture of the turnip was well known to the Romans, and they probably carried it into England. The carrot was known to the Greeks and Romans, but was not much used by them as food, either for man or beast. The Egyptians had a variety of melons, with leeks, garlics, onions, and aromatic herbs used in cooking; and it was for these things that the souls of the Israelites longed in the wilderness. The more delicate vegetables used for food are not mentioned in the history of that nation or of the Hebrews. We have, it is true, the story of Jacob's pottage and Leah's mandrakes, but it is not quite certain what these dishes were. That they were both food and relishes is indicated from the history.

RELIGIOUS.

THE STRUGGLE WITH ROME.—While all Europe is profoundly agitated by the latest phases of the knotty "Eastern Question," another problem, kept in the background for some years, but scarcely more easy of solution, is slowly being brought to the front. For months past intrigues have been going on in the Roman Catholic countries, which have for their aim the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. "Efforts are being made, especially throughout Germany and Austria, by means of Catholic societies and clubs, to resuscitate and reopen the entire Roman Question; and it is hoped that these organizations will have acquired such power when called upon to act as necessarily to have weight with their respective governments, and consequent influence even in the councils of State. Meanwhile instructions are being sent from the Vatican to the chief agents in this movement

carefully to avoid collision with the civil authorities by steering clear of all disobedience to law; but, nevertheless, to maintain upon the various Roman Catholic Governments a constant pressure, directed to obtaining their consent to a final crusade for the restoration to the Pope of his temporal dominions. The Jesuits, as might be supposed, are taking in this agitation a prominent and leading part. Father Beckx, chief of the order, at Florence, is, it is affirmed on good authority, in constant communication with the Pope, who has written autograph letters on the subject to such of the sovereigns of Europe as he considers most likely to be influenced in favor of the scheme."

The recent Papal Allocution, delivered in the secret Consistory, is regarded as the latest development of this elaborate intrigue. That Allocution, says the *Evangelical Christendom*,

had been long in preparation. It is neither more nor less than a virulent denunciation of the kingdom of Italy, and a protest against its very existence, no less than its entire policy in relation to the Romish Church. It is said that counsels were divided as to whether or not it were wise at this juncture to issue such a document. But the opinion of the Nuncios at the several European courts was taken, and the bolder counsels prevailed.

In Italy, especially, the publication of the Allocation produced a very deep sensation. The law officers of the Government asked whether they should bring prosecution against the newspaper in which it first appeared. The Minister of Worship in reply, after recapitulating the statements of the Allocation against the Italian Government, and giving an emphatic denial to them, says that no notice is to be taken of the republication of the document by the public prints, unless it is accompanied by "criminal manifestations of adhesion, by desires for the subversion of the State, and by outrage against the laws and acts of the Government." Notwithstanding this lenient policy, however, the Italian Government, as well as the other leading Powers of Europe, is well aware that the design of the present conspiracy is nothing less than the utter overthrow of the kingdom of Italy in the interests of the Papacy; and "when the pear is ripe" the intriguers will be dealt with severely.

Signor Mancini, the Minister of Worship in Italy, has issued a circular to the superintendents of archives in the kingdom, asking them to furnish for publication the documents under their charge illustrative of former conflicts between the Church and the State. These will be edited and published under the direction of the Government. Among the documents called for are those relating to the contests of the House of Savoy with the Papal Court; the struggle of Venice with Paul V; the resistance of the Neapolitans to the introduction of the Inquisition, etc. Their publication will shed new light on the early struggles of the Reformation in Southern Europe, and may have its effect on the discussions of the present day.

In Canada the interference of the Romish clergy with political elections is not submitted to with the docility which has, for the most

part, characterized American voters and courts. Some months ago the election at Charlevoix was set aside by the Supreme Court of Canada, on the ground of unlawful interference therewith by priests. And now the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Quebec have published a protest against the court's decision. The judge, who delivered the opinion of the court, said: "I deny to the Catholic priest in the present case, as well as in every similar one, the right to point out an individual or a political party, and to hold up either the one or the other to public indignation by accusing it of Catholic liberalism or any other religious error. Above all, I deny him the right to say that any one who may assist in the election of such a candidate will commit a heinous sin." To this the Bishops reply that the interpretation so rigorous and absolute, which has given to the electoral law would, if pushed to its final consequences, deprive the Catholic Church of a sacred right; namely, the right of self-defense.

INDIRECT INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.—

The change in thought and manners among the negroes of Soudan and Guinea has been very great in recent years, and is attributable, in large measure, to the influence of Christianity even over those to whom as yet the Gospel has not been directly proclaimed. They are growing weary of the superstitions of the old time. The snake-house of the King of Dahomey—whose abominations have been seen and described by travelers still living—is a thing of the past. This was a sort of temple, in which serpents of all sorts, some of immense size—were kept and held as sacred. They were fed so abundantly as to be seldom mischievous; but so highly revered were they that when one appeared on the streets of the town he was saluted with reverence, and none dared to touch him. The King of Ashantee, so lately humiliated by the red-coats under Sir Garnet Wolsey, has within a year sent to a Wesleyan missionary, requesting a visit from him to consult on educational matters. He went, and was treated at every step with the most marked respect. Those who have read Stanley's account of his journey over the same road must be struck with the number of things which that astute man and daring explorer did not see; but every

facility for observation was given to the Christian missionary; he saw every thing. The king treated him with great consideration, and strove hard to perfect arrangements for the establishment of an educational institution in his capital. But as a politician—for State reasons—the black monarch felt unable to allow the Christian religion to be taught, and the missionary refused to divorce the civilization of Christianity from its doctrines; and for these reasons only the arrangements were broken off for the present. Before long, however, not only Coomassie, but all the great towns of the interior will be centers of Christian learning. The progress of Mahomedanism, of which we have heard so much of late, is regarded by wise missionaries as an aid rather than as an obstacle to the spread of the true faith. It intensifies the thirst for knowledge.

TWO NEW SAINTS.—Great efforts are now being made to secure the canonization of Joan of Arc and Christopher Columbus. Neither of these heroic souls found very warm or constant support from Holy Mother Church during their troubled careers, but notable ecclesiastics seek now to atone, in a measure, for the wrongs of their lives by the tardy honors of the saintship. The famous Mgr. Dupanloup has visited Rome, and per-

sonally pleaded the cause of the noble Maid of Orleans with the Pope. In a long letter to the Pope the Archbishop of Aquila urges the canonization of Christopher Columbus, on the grounds that the great discoverer "has deserved well of social civilization and Catholicism; that his beatification in an age when Catholicism is represented as an enemy of progress would show that Christian perfection and sanctity had ever marvelously assisted science and art; and that Columbus was indebted to the Franciscans in undertaking his voyage." The Pope is also reminded that he is the only occupant of the chair of St. Peter who was ever in the New World. Pius IX spent two years (1823-25) in Chili, as Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate.

MORE GIFTS TO THE POPE.—The number of pilgrims to Rome during the present "episcopal jubilee" is estimated at 300,000. Of this great number nearly one-third come from France. That nation is lavishly pouring forth its treasure in behalf of the Holy Father. From Besançon he is to receive a golden scepter; from Lille, three well-stocked purses; from Lyons, a golden cup; from Marseilles, an oaken throne, inlaid with gold; and from Poitiers, a splendid vestment. The Countess de Chambord has given 10,000 francs as her yearly offering.

LITERATURE.

THE "Presiding Elder Question" has an historical *status* in American Methodism. It appeared as a chief disturbing cause in the early days of the denomination, and it has continued to reappear semi-occasionally ever since. It has been "downed" more times than was Banquo's ghost, but either it would not "down" or else, if it gave way when compelled for the time, it was but to recover strength and "come again." It has been killed outright, pronounced forever dead and buried out of sight more frequently and quite as effectually as was the case with John Barleycorn; and yet it will not stay killed, nor quietly rest in the tomb, to which it has been so often assigned. Of all this we have now before us tangible evidence in the shape of a plump brochure of

nearly eighty pages, closely printed and evidently carefully prepared, and bearing on its title-page as that of its author one of the great names of contemporary Methodism—Dr. Joseph Cummings, of Wesleyan University.* It examines and sets forth briefly, yet with a large display of authorities, the history of the question for nearly a hundred years, gives the law of the case, and sketches the condition of the question as it exists in the Church. Its temper is quite unexceptionable, and its

* AN ELECTIVE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH CONSTITUTIONAL AND DESIRABLE. With a History of the Discussion of the Presiding Elder Question from the Earliest Years of the Church to the Present Time. By Joseph Cummings, D. D., LL. D. New York: N. Tibbals & Son. 12mo. Pp. 78. Paper.

tone, though cumulatively argumentative, is scarcely controversial. As an essay towards a better understanding of this by no means unimportant subject, it is worthy of high praise, and its author deserves well of the Church for its preparation. Its careful consideration by the ruling minds of the Church would do good.

MR. MOODY and his work have passed over the whole field of current literature. Beginning with the newspapers, which catch up and use up the sensations of the day, they soon began to appear in the magazines, and then passed into the stately reviews, and at last their merits became the themes of grave and formidable volumes, of which this now before us is by no means the first, though it is the freshest, and we suspect among the most racy, because of its strong infusion of the original aroma of the matter drawn upon for its contents. Multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic have become acquainted with Mr. Moody and his teachings, as delivered by the living voice; another, though much less audience, have heard him at second hand, and doubtless with inferior impressions, through the press; and yet it is well that he should be so heard, in the absence of the speaking presence and the magnetism of the living voice. And yet, no doubt, in many cases, in reading these plain discourses, people will wonder at the effects produced by their delivery. But in not a few cases their reading will not fail to instruct and edify in righteousness. It is well that our unbelieving age should have just such a demonstration of the power of simple and unadorned Gospel truth as is here given; for Mr. Moody's teaching is simply this and no more. And yet, with all his artlessness, there is not an entire absence of the marvelous art of "putting" things. The publishers have given us a decidedly handsome piece of work.

LOCAL annals are the elements from which more general histories must be constructed. And while this remark is true of all histories,

*MOODY: His Word, Work, and Worker; Comprising his Bible Portraits; his Outlines of Doctrine; Sketches of his co-workers, Messrs. Sankey, Bliss, Whittle, Sawyer, and others, and an Account of the Gospel Temperance Revival. Edited by Rev. W. H. Daniels, A. M. With an Introduction by Rev. C. H. Fowler, D. D., with Portrait and Illustrations. [Sold by subscription.] New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. Pp. 540.

it is especially so in respect to affairs of the Church, and most of all so of the inner and spiritual life of religious movements. Local Methodist histories of great value have been written and published, giving accounts of what has been done in various places, which have a present value, but are especially to be prized as contributions to the wider and more comprehensive presentations and discussions of the facts and spiritual philosophy of that which at first only a wonderful religious movement, grew at length into a consolidated and widely ramified ecclesiastical system. Of this class is the work* now before us, detailing the rise and progress of Methodism in all that wide and wealthy region, formerly known as the "Genesee country." The author seems to have spared no pains in his efforts to make his work as nearly complete as possible. It is a noble record of Christian heroism and devotion, as well of vicissitudes in denominational matters, sometimes painful, but on the whole abounding with evidences of the divine favor, richly conferred and faithfully employed.

MR. SAMUEL SMILES is the author of a number of decidedly good books, chiefly of a didactic character. He now comes before the public in biography. "The Life of a Scotch Naturalist,"† Thomas Edward, which is itself a practical illustration at once of "Self-Help," "Character," and "Thrift." Mr. Edward was at once a lover of nature and a discriminating critic of her works, uniting in himself some of the best qualities of the poet and the scientist. For simple love of it he studied almost every form of natural objects that came in his way with such keenness of perception and accuracy of observation that, without suspecting it of himself, he became a learned man. The details of his career, with his methods of pursuing his studies, as given by the author, make up a tale of a good deal of interest, and of not a little spirit.

*HISTORY OF THE GENESSEE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from its organization by Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree, in 1810, to the year 1872. By Rev. F. W. Conable, of Western New York Conference. (For the Author.) New York: Nelson & Phillips. 8vo. Pp. 736.

†LIFE OF A SCOTCH NATURALIST: Thomas Edward Associate of the Linnæan Society. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Self-Help," "Character," "Thrift," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 390.

SEVERAL years ago Rev. Elon Foster, of New York, compiled a "Cyclopædia of Prose Illustrations," evidently with a view that they might be available for pulpit use. The book seems to have been well received—that is, it has sold well, which is a pretty good test. Afterwards he prepared a similar volume of "Poetical Illustrations," which is a work of a higher literary character, and is the peer in excellence of the better class of such compilations. And now he comes out with a third venture—a second series of "Prose Illustrations"—taking a somewhat higher range than was aimed at in the first, and making the illustrations fuller and more elaborate. A very wide range of subjects and authors is covered, and great liberality of selection is used; and nobody is tabooed for lack of either theological orthodoxy or literary eminence. One is reminded of the "insects preserved in amber" in reading some of the names here drawn upon—if only the book itself shall answer to the amber in its preserving power. Certainly there are a very great many good thoughts and wise sayings in the volume, as well as some things that will not fall into either of these categories.

DR. PORTER has by his various publications become a recognized interpreter of Methodism in its existing *status*. The list of his books, each bearing directly upon some one phase or department of its affairs, is growing into a respectable catalogue, and each one thoroughly effects what it undertakes to do. The latest issue of the series has just now appeared from the Book Concern press in the form of a handbook for "official members,"† setting forth in order whatever seems requisite for the temporal management of a local Church. Respecting the comparative excellence of any of the various plans and directions it is not necessary to say any thing—for almost any rules well kept are better than the almost absolute lack

of system that too often prevails in such matters.

THE religious novel is a recognized, but not an especially favored form of literature. Regular novel readers usually require something stronger and more pungent; and as the French lady said of the otherwise charming little game, that it would be perfect if only it had a "leetle sin in it," so novel readers want a little of the not pious in their reading. And yet there must be not a few who buy the religious novels, for, otherwise, they would not continue to be printed. Of its class, the "White Cross and Dove of Pearls" is a not unfavorable specimen.*

FOREIGN MISSIONS are doing very much to enlarge our knowledge of the social life, manners and customs of the countries in which they are planted. And when such writers as is she whom the Christian world has learned to love and cherish—known by her assumed initials, A. L. O. E.—become foreign missionaries, large expectations in that line may be safely indulged. Miss Tucker (that is her real name), has herself become a missionary in India, and among the first returns of her labors abroad is a neat little volume of "Indian Stories,"† prepared by her, and reprinted in this country by Carter & Brothers. They are very readable, and of most excellent moral and religious tone.

DODD, MEAD & Co., have just issued a local historical novel, "Chedayne of Kotono."‡ The scene is Wyoming Valley—the time, that of the conflicts of the Connecticut and Pennsylvania claimants. It is written with some ability, and will prove interesting to the dwellers in that locality.

THE resources of Shakespeare's plays seem to be absolutely inexhaustible, since the more they are drawn upon the more abundant is the return. It may be good, therefore, that so rich a decoction should be taken in broken

*NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS; Adapted to Christian Teaching; Embracing Allegories, Analogies, Anecdotes, Aphorisms, Emblems, Fables, Legends, Metaphors, Parables, Quotations, Similes, Biblical Types, and Figures, etc. By Rev. Elon Foster. Second Series. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. Imperial Octavo. Pp. 791.

†HELPS TO OFFICIAL MEMBERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, indicating their Powers, Duties, Privileges, etc. By James Porter, D. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. Pp. 180.

*THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS. By the Authoress of "Selina's Story," etc. New York: J. Y. Crowell. 12mo. Pp. 488.

†A WREATH OF INDIAN STORIES. By A. L. O. E., Honorary Missionary at Amritsar. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 24mo. Pp. 313.

‡CHEDAYNE OF KOTONO; A Story of the Early Days of the Republic. By Auburn Townner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo. Pp. 506.

doses. Accordingly it seems to be a happy thought to issue the principal pieces in distinct volumes, as is done in the series now in course of publication by the Harpers, edited with notes by Mr. Rolfe. Five of these neat little volumes have before appeared, namely; "The Merchant of Venice," "The Tempest," "Henry the Eighth," "Julius Caesar," and "Richard the Third;" to which list is now added "Macbeth."* The introduction, extending over nearly forty pages, and made up of Shakespearean criticisms, largely selected from the best recent writers, is especially valuable, both for the learning displayed and the judiciousness of its observations, and as well for the keenness of the discriminations displayed. The text, which is exceedingly well printed, is the result of the ripest scholarship, exercised over the whole field of Shakespearean learning, following more especially the folio edition of 1623. The appended notes, filling more than a hundred and twenty closely printed pages, comprise a thorough and very comprehensive commentary on the drama, in all its conditions, relations, and character. The whole book, though so small in size, presents matter for months of careful and remunerative study, while simply for cursory reading the smallness and lightness of the volume is a decided recommendation, as it can be easily held in the hand and carried to the desired seat by the fireside or in the garden.

MR. E. G. SQUIER comes once more before the public in a new volume, that will rank with any of its predecessors from the same

pen.† Of the genesis of this last work no information is given, for it has neither Preface nor advertisement explaining its coming into being. But the book itself will prove its own best introduction and justification. The introductory chapter epitomizes the history of the Incas—chiefly as given by Mr. Prescott—with remarks on the character and conditions of their civilization. Then begins the author's narrative, commencing with his voyage from New York to Panama, and thence to Lima, where his explorations really began. Of the extent and value of these no just estimate can be made, except by a thorough and careful perusal of the book itself. Either the author kept his notes in exceptionally good order, and afterwards arranged them with unusual care and skill, or else his papers fell into unusually competent hands by which to be prepared for the press. In either case the reading public are equally to be congratulated in having produced to hand a most excellent and original work on a subject of real interest. It is a good book, and it makes valuable addition to our acquaintance with the wonders of a strange, but departed race of men.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have added a ninth volume to their very elegant and valuable edition of De Quincey's "Essays on Philosophy." It is, externally, as much like its fellows as each pea in the pod is like all the others. This really excellent edition of the collected writings of one of the greatest thinkers of the past age is alike worthy of the work and of the house that issues it.

EX CATHEDRA.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

SOMEBODY has said, perhaps as a satire, but not without some show of truth, that war is the normal condition of human society, and that seasons of peace are useful chiefly as they afford opportunities for recuperation and preparation for future military operations. The surviving veteran, whose memory covers

the last half century, may find somewhat to confirm this theory, for he can recount a fearfully long and varied list of wars, in which nearly every nation of the earth has had its share. The peace of ten years (1815-25) following the final overthrow of Napoleon,—itself imposed by the utter prostration of all Europe, during the precedent wars,—began to be

† SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Edited with Notes by William J. Rolfe, A. M. Formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo., square. Pp. 260.

† PERU: Incidents of Travel and Explorations in the Land of the Incas. By E. George Squier, M. A., F. S. A., etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 599.

broken, first by the Greek Revolution, and a little later came the general upheaval, when nearly every throne in Europe seemed to be shaken. And from that time to the close of the late Franco-German war, an almost unbroken succession of wars has, in turn, wasted nearly every nation upon the face of the globe. That millennium of which one sometimes hears in ill-understood conversations, or reads about in the books—other than the Bible, which has very little on the subject—can not be very near at hand, if it is to be preceded and approached by a long process of preparatory ameliorations of the manners and morals of mankind. The work of changing weapons of war into implements of husbandry is not especially active just now, but, on the contrary, no other department of industry is more flourishing than the manufacture of arms. Certainly, the ever-to-be-desired era, when the Prince of peace shall reign among the nations is still apparently a long way off.

Only a few years ago the memorable war between France and Germany was begun and finished in a single campaign. Since then the nations of Europe have seemed to rest—but evidently only in a kind of unstable balance—ready, at any time, to burst out into renewed conflicts. The chronic and traditional feuds between England and France, the remembrances of Cressy and Agincourt, seem to have pretty effectually died out, and Spain in her diminished estate no longer menaces the Netherlands; but a newer and more deadly feud has sprung up between the two great nations of Central Europe, which like a volcano sleeps, only to awaken in greater violence; and still further eastward the strifes which began four centuries ago, when, in all Eastern Europe, the Cross went down before the Crescent, and when to be called a Christian became a cause of offense, have become the heritage of the Czar of the Russias, who, uniting religious fanaticism with imperial ambition, stands ever ready to burst from his northern confines and pour his desolating hordes over the fair lands so long desecrated by the presence and spoiled by the rapacity of the Moslems. Christendom has become used to the dominance of the infidels, and for reasons of State, into the consideration of which neither justice nor the dictates of humanity seem to

enter, even Protestant Britain is found in sympathy with the Mohammedan spoilers; and yet the Turks who, for four hundred years, have occupied some of the fairest and most cultivated portions of Europe, living in local contact with the monuments of its older civilization, and with the living present in its most progressive activity, have remained almost wholly unimproved by either. Their religion, their civilization, and their customs are alien and out of harmony with the spirit of the age. Their religion is incapable of becoming conformed to the genius of the Christian civilization of Europe and America, which is evidently destined to fill the whole world, either by the processes of a peaceful assimilation, or else by the collisions of hostile armies and the determinations of diplomacy.

During the dark ages of European somnolence Northern Asia sent, in two columns, her invading forces into Asia Minor and the north of Europe. Of these the Southern column was already Mohammedan in religion; but the northern one, as yet pagan, was at length converted to a debased form of Christianity. And in this religious difference is found the cause of the present and traditional relations of these two races, and by it their futures must be determined. Russia, in her progress—itsself the result of her religion—demands room for her own expansion, and by the same influence she is brought into sympathy with her co-religionists and ethnic kindred, whose cries for deliverance come up to her from under the crushing tread of the iron heel of the Moslems. Russia demands for her industry and commerce the use of nature's great highway from the frozen North through the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean and the open oceans; and she demands for her fellow Christians of Eastern Europe equal rights of worship and of citizenship, with those of the now dominant, but incomparably inferior race; and who will say that these demands are not just and reasonable? And yet because the growth of Russia may seem to imperil British supremacy in Asia, the crumbling throne of the Turk must be upheld by English diplomacy or arms, and the Christian victims of Turkish barbarism must continue to cry out from beneath the altar.

War is, in any case, a very great evil, and

always to be deprecated; but it seems to be the way appointed for the nations to rise above their own desolations—the only process by which the iron grasp of the oppressor can be broken; and for that reason we contemplate with some degree of satisfaction the prospective war of Russia against the Turks in Europe.

THE RUM-DEMON: HOW TO CAST HIM OUT.

WHAT can be done to stay the fearful flood of ruin caused by the Rum Fiend? This question is among the most momentous and the most difficult of the day. Of the greatness of the evil suffered, the best informed and those most sensitive to the subject can tell or feel only in part; and the strongest language used by the advocates of temperance, though it is sometimes deemed extravagant, fails to express the magnitude of the curse. The dry statistics that give in formal numbers the extent and the measure of its destructiveness are its only truthful representation. The most active fancy and the boldest imagination fail to rise to its fearful aggregate of harm. For half a century the Christian philanthropy of the land has been aroused against it; but the voice of religion and the demands of public and private economy have alike proved inadequate to the work of staying the desolation. Proscribed by the voice of the Church, expelled from thousands of homes, conscientiously abstained from by uncounted thousands of the best in the land, and recognized as the chief of the public and private scourges that afflict society, the Rum Fiend still holds on his course, and even grows stronger in his career of destruction. Other forms of indulgence respond to the financial exigencies of the times by diminished consumption, but the liquor trade, at the same time, becomes broader and more destructive. Eighty per cent of the crimes that come before our courts, and an equal proportion of the public pauperism, are the returns made by it for its toleration and legal protection; and yet it lives and reigns and revels in the desolation that it makes, and none stays its hand.

The question returns to us again, What can be done? The confessed failure of all that has thus far been attempted to cope successfully with the evil of intemperance should set all good men at work to find out any probable

elements of weakness in the temperance movements, and to supply any available helps towards the end so greatly desired. It can not be said that nothing has been done, for such is not the case; and yet, after conceding due praise for the earnest and successful efforts of the many devoted laborers and valuable agencies in this good work, the startling fact remains, that intemperance and all its startling horrors hold on their way with undiminished extent and destructiveness. It is plain, therefore, that the means employed are not equal to the end proposed, and that for its accomplishment something further and more effective is necessary. Is, then, our Christian civilization equal to the task of abating this fearful and destructive nuisance? Any other than an affirmative answer to this question would be alike discreditable to Christianity and of fearful presage to the good order of society, and more than all, we believe it would not be the truth; for though as yet such has not been the result accomplished, yet there are still unused resources in the Gospel of Christ to grapple with and overcome even this, the most formidable of our public evils.

Among the remedial agencies that we would invoke against this giant destroyer we would name, as the chief, the awakened Christian convictions of the pious and God-fearing among us. This "kind" is not to be exorcised except by the strongest and most effective agencies; the spiritual power of the Gospel. Christians must feel their personal relations to this thing, and by all the force of their examples, and their social influences, and their Christian sentiments, freely and earnestly declared, must they set the stigma of sin and wrong upon this whole matter of drunkenness and of the liquor traffic. Nothing less than the power of an awakened and quickened conscientiousness, arrayed against the whole affair, will prove sufficient to succeed and overcome in such a conflict. Again, the friends of temperance must learn to be tolerant of each other in their minor differences. Most thorough friends of temperance, are also practically total abstinent, but not all; and it is as unjust as it is unwise to repel the non-abstinent who are ready to co-operate for the suppression of the liquor traffic. A large proportion of the friends of temperance are also prohibitionists, believing

it to be the duty of the Government to wholly suppress the ordinary traffic and sale of intoxicants. To this, others entirely object; while many more know that the thing is as yet impracticable, and are, therefore, content to labor for something less sweeping, but still of incalculable value. In order to present a common front against so formidable an enemy men of all these various shades of opinions must learn to respect each other, and to labor together in harmony for the great end in respect to which all are agreed.

Since there can be no question that the cause of temperance has been very greatly compromised by the unskillful treatment that it has received from some of its self-constituted advocates, and from the class of persons by whom it has been in some cases represented, it becomes all the more necessary to guard against these things in the future. It requires as good abilities and as much weight of character to become a successful laborer in the cause of temperance as to preach the Gospel, or to present and defend any other great public interest, and no worse service could be rendered than to devolve this great interest upon incompetent or unknown agents. The work is a most difficult one, requiring only decidedly skillful treatment, and it must suffer in the hands of novices or charlatans. It is to be carried on in the face of the most formidable and persistent opposition, and therefore it can not be safely committed to any but the ablest and best. The force that shall make the work successful must be backed and sustained by deep religious convictions and the energies of a quickened religious life, and therefore it must be carried forward in connection with the spiritual agencies of our diffused and organic Christianity. If ever the curse of rum shall be removed from our social communities, its removal will be by the power of our holy religion operating in its divinely appointed methods.

Let it also be borne in mind that the work required in carrying forward the cause of temperance is much less political than moral; and that even in its moral forces it needs to be thoroughly baptized and suffused with the vital spirit of Christianity. There are already more laws upon the statute books in favor of temperance, and against the liquor

traffic, than are made effective, or than can be, until they shall be better enforced by a regenerated public sentiment. Here, then, at the heart and Christian life of the people, must the work begin, and building up from this foundation a mighty bulwark may be raised up against the overflowing tides of intemperance, and all its long and fearful train of drift-woods of crime and poverty and ignorance and social degradation. Here let all who lament the ruin caused by intemperance unite their efforts to effectually stem the curse.

REV. E. J. HAYNES, formerly a popular Methodist minister in Brooklyn, recently, for reasons best known to himself, changed his ecclesiastical relations by transferring himself to the Baptists—of course, making the passage by water. He also, very soon after doing so, became a candidate for the ministry in that Church, and then came up the question of his ordination. He had already been rebaptized—if his Methodist baptism counted for anything—must he now be reordained? About that matter it seems there was some difference of opinion, even among his new associates; but the more radical party prevailed, and Mr. Haynes's poll was again passed under ecclesiastical palms,—at all which some others seem disposed to carp, and to talk about "Romish bigotry," etc. But why? If Mr. H. is a true minister of Christ, made such by an "inward call," as is the Methodist theory, then his first ordination, however valuable, or even necessary for prudential reasons, was only an ecclesiastical—that is, a Methodist—action, extending no further than the authority of the Church that ordained him; and, in leaving the Methodist Church did he not leave behind all that that Church gave him? He joined the Baptist Church as a layman, and was not at all a minister in it until he had been duly licensed; and if a new license were necessary, why not also a new "laying on of hands?" Is there not a kind of vague notion somewhat prevalent, that "ordination" imparts a new character to its subject which inheres in him—an "indelible imprint," quite independent of special Church relations? This "rag of popery" seems not easy to be gotten rid of. *Romish superstition* is of the same family with "Romish bigotry," and both are very tenacious of life.